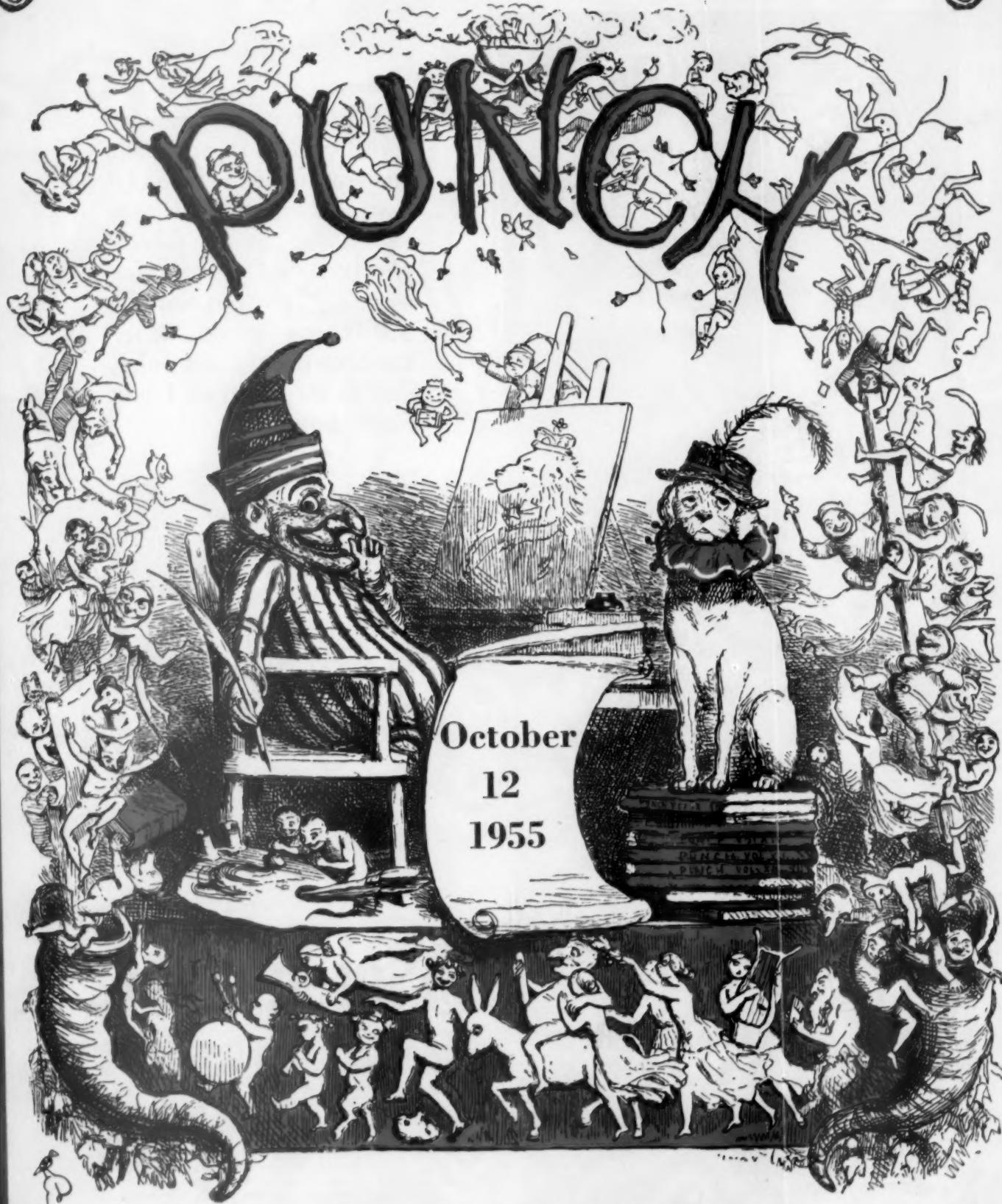


6p

6p



PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

*"Remember Remember
The Fifth of November!"*

ASK FOR
"Standard"
FIREWORKS
BY NAME

MADE IN
HUDDERSFIELD
AND SOLD
IN THE BEST SHOPS
EVERYWHERE

"As a heavy pipe smoker I have smoked Punchbowle for something like 10 years. Sometimes I have thought I would like a change, and have tried some eight or ten brands, but there is no other tobacco that I can smoke, day in day out, as I can Punchbowle."

This letter
can be seen
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Punchbowle

The FULL-STRENGTH TOBACCO

This famous tobacco is also available in two other strengths. In the mild form it is called Parson's Pleasure whilst the medium variety is known as Barney's. Each of the three strengths is priced at 4/7½ the ounce.

and

IT'S MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.

Wherever there gathers a *spruce



of Executives ...

... a *huddle



of Yarnspinners ...

... a *bouquet of Vintners ...



there's a **fitting** of

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Top to Bottom

'MESSENGER', black or brown calf 89/9

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Leathers, lasts and styles,
to fit the occasion, the
mood, and the man.

Prices from 85/9 to 119/6.

Some exclusive models at higher prices.

*We have a small compendium of assembly terms for
fish, flesh, fowl and fellow man. A copy is yours with
our compliments, direct from us or from our Agents.

middleweight hope



Here is the latest flowering of the Stores' genius — pyjamas made of fabric weightier than flannel mixture but just as pleasant; and lighter than all-wool, but enormously warm. What pyjamas! You must have a pair. Striped grey/red, grey/green, blue/light blue. 38-46 chest. **67/6** (post 1/6)

NIGHTSHIRTS— WHY NOT?

We cannot understand why more men do not wear nightshirts. (Many do; we stock and sell them steadily.) A nightshirt is voluminous. If you roll about in bed, it will not

cut into you. Nor can it expose the small of your back at 4 a.m. And here is a better nightshirt made with our new fabric, above. The cost? only 59/6. (post 1/6.) Ordinary and large sizes

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Our telephones are busy 24 hours a day; ready to note your needs at any time for anything from a bottled chicken to a folding canoe
Long-distance calls are cheaper between 6 and 10.30 p.m.

Army & Navy Stores

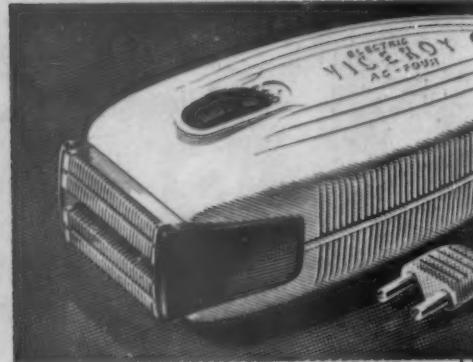
EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE

VICTORIA STREET SW1 · 5 MINUTES' WALK FROM VICTORIA STATION



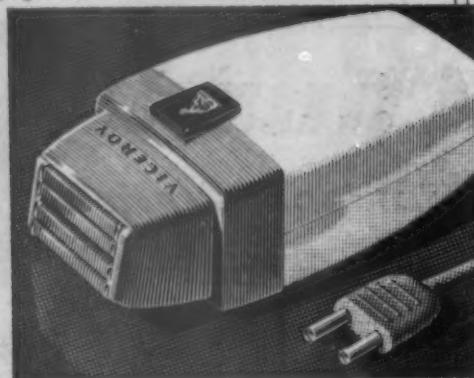
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The finest electric dry shaving instruments in the world



The New ROLLS VICEROY 'A.C-FOUR'

Aptly called "The world's best buy in electric shavers." Features include micro-matched multi cutters giving the smoothest shaves ever; dual voltage range (100/130 and 200/250v, A.C.); no T.V. or radio interference; simple 'on-off' and voltage selection switches. Complete in attractive, light and durable travelling case, only £6.17.6.



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Emphatically the most advanced and smoothest electric dry shaver of today. Its many features include micro-matched double-speed multiple heads, ANGLED to let you see where you are shaving and to make side-board and moustache trimming easy. Built-in 'on-off' and voltage switches (A.C./D.C. 90-250v.). Complete in beautiful silk and velvet lined presentation case, £9.17.8.

Seconds saved in poor reward for a sore skin! With a Rolls Viceroy, speed is balanced with comfort to give you quick, close, luxurious shaves. Deferred terms are available from most dealers throughout the U.K. Other Rolls Viceroys from as little as £5.6.6. Prices include P.T. and apply in U.K. only.

ROLLS VICEROY

The Rolls Razor of Dry Shavers

ROLLS RAZOR LTD., Head Office, Works and Service: Cricklewood N.W.2.
Showrooms: 193 Regent Street, London, W.I. (Callers only).

You can tell a Vantella!



You can tell it by its perfectly groomed **Van Heusen** collars and cuffs. You can recognize its air of easy comfort—its unshrinking neckband, its ample room in the chest, its coat-style cut . . . Yet, for all its good manners, it's only 49/-

VANTELLA
Regd.

(with **Van Heusen** Regd. collars and cuffs)

The perfect shirt—made by **Cotella**

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**'Pink Plymouth
please'**

and earn the respect of all who appreciate that REAL
pink gin should be prepared with PLYMOUTH GIN.

Whenever, wherever, however, you drink gin, you strike
a shrewd blow for old-time standards when you call for

PLYMOUTH GIN

BOTTLE 3/9 · HALF BOTTLE 17/7 · QTR-BOTTLE 9/2 · MINIATURE 3/7 · U.K. ONLY



It'll be bliss in
Bermuda



Coral Island Heaven

Bermuda has the authentic coral island magic—blue sea and sky, pink powdery sand, and coloured clouds of flowers (plus plenty of frankly luxurious accommodation).

Imagine all your best holidays rolled into one—glowing days and gay, mild nights; hotels that make an art of looking after you; sailing on islet-freckled sounds or sauntering down flowery lanes; games or game fishing; swimming in calm or surf or simply revelling in *dolce far niente*—think of all that and you've got some idea of Bermuda. (Skiing? Well, no. We'd be deceiving you if we said it ever snowed in Bermuda. But you'll soon learn to water-ski.)

Bermuda is another name for bliss, sheer bliss—and it's in the sterling area.

Leave winter behind

Frost and fog are unknown in Bermuda. Even in January the average day temperature is 63°F and average bright sunshine 5 hours daily.



Big game with a rod

Even beginners have caught the really big fellows—tuna, marlin, bonefish. A shared launch makes the expense reasonable.

How to get there—

B.O.A.C. run two direct flights weekly, and daily via New York. By sea, there are direct sailings to and from Bermuda during the winter months (Cunard and P.S.N.C.). You can also sail via New York.

Businessmen who know the ropes
fly to and from Bermuda via New York. This costs no more than the return fare to New York only!

Your travel agent will give you full information about flights, sailings and fares, and also about accommodation. Or complete the coupon below.

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Please send me colour booklet "Invitation to Bermuda"
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We have an excellent stock of ready-to-wear overcoats for all occasions in a wide range of styles, materials and patterns.

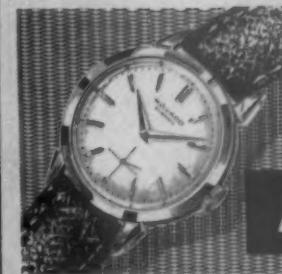
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waterproof watch beats all records.
Immersed in sea water,

**IT HAS CROSSED THE ATLANTIC
AND BACK...**



Ref. 10401, stainless steel,
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Movado Automatic "331", the flattest self-winding watch in the world with the best protection against shocks (dual protection); super-waterproof.

I don't feel human



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In France they drink more St. Raphael than any other apéritif - Now you can get it here!

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22/- a bottle



Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars



The same fine quality
Havana wrappers are used
for both brands of cigars.



You get
Performance
Capacity

AND

Extra Value

with the New

MORRIS

2/3 Ton & 5 Ton Vehicles

Forward or normal control, the 2/3-tonner employs a long wheelbase, the 5-tonner a long and short wheelbase normal control and a long wheelbase forward control.

DIESEL OR PETROL
engines available on all types.

NEW
Deep-section
chassis frames.
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Option of Eaton
2-speed rear axle
on 5-tonners.

NEW
Option of 3.1 litre
diesel 5-tonners,
3.4 litre diesel
2/3-tonners.



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Overseas business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Your nerves need Sanatogen



FOR ALL FORMS OF "NERVES"

WORRY To worry continually is neither normal nor healthy, and can usually be traced to some nervous disturbance. If, then, you seem to worry more than other people, it is more than likely that your "nerves" are to blame.



DEPRESSION Your whole outlook is profoundly influenced by your nervous mechanism. If you are subject to constant depression and worry, it is probably a sign that your "nerves" are at fault.

INDIGESTION The acid secretion and digestive movements of the stomach are under the direct control of the nervous system. Consequently, any nervous upset such as worry, irritability or overwork can cause gastric discomfort, heartburn and even pain.

"ALWAYS TIRED" Everyone feels tired sometimes. But to suffer continuously from a lack of energy and general lassitude can well mean that your "nerves" are the trouble.

One of the many different kinds of nerve endings in the body: left, a cross-section through a taste-bud showing nerve endings which play a vital role in digestion.



MEDICALLY RECOMMENDED

Sanatogen has been fully recommended by members of the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad for over fifty years. No other preparation gives you what Sanatogen contains, and clinical trials under medical supervision have shown that Sanatogen has an exceptional tonic action.

From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.

Sanatogen

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AT WORK AND AT HOME VENTILATION PAYS

Health
and comfort
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Vent-Axia



VENTILATION is a constant safeguard to personal comfort and well-being, providing it remains effective under widely varying circumstances and weather conditions. Vent-Axia is successful ventilation in its simplest form — with the necessary control to ensure an immediate choice to suit different living and working conditions throughout the year.

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- Made in four sizes with variable control
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FOR BETTER AIR CONDITIONS

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8, VICTORIA STREET • LONDON S.W.1

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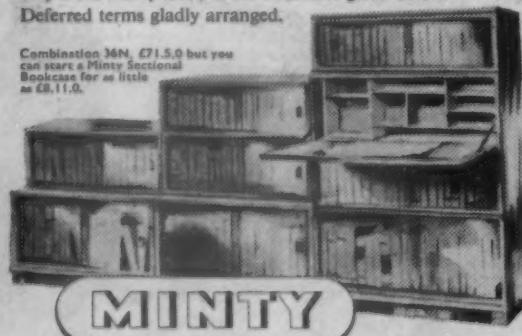
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A bookcase after Carlyle's heart



For it was Thomas Carlyle who defined genius as "the transcendent capacity for taking trouble" — and he would certainly have applied the word to the construction of a Minty Sectional Bookcase. Magnificently made by Master Craftsmen, the Minty Bookcase can grow, piece by piece, and can be variously assembled to suit any particular room. Mainly constructed in oak, walnut or mahogany, Minty Sectional Bookcases are available only from Minty Ltd., at the addresses given below. Deferred terms gladly arranged.

Combination 36N, £71.50 but you can start a Minty Sectional Bookcase for as little as £8.11.0.



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Extra Dry



Here is a gin that is as different from an ordinary gin as Champagne is from an ordinary sparkling wine. Try it neat and see. Roll it round your tongue and savour its fine flavour, its velvet mellowness. Or try it in your favourite cocktail.

You pay a little more for this De Luxe gin, but you get immeasurably greater pleasure. Ask your Wine Merchant. Price—35/- a bottle

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FINE SOAPS AND
TOILET PREPARATIONS



Bronnley for the Bath

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Consider these advantages of
Gulf long-life light-weight hot water radiators
For DOMESTIC
INSTITUTIONAL &
INDUSTRIAL HEAT
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IDEAL FOR INTERMITTENT HEATING

Gulf Radiators cost less, are easier to handle, ideal for wall fixing and more economical to fit. They are frost proof and more responsive to thermostatic control. Gulf Radiators are available in a wide range of Column and Wall Panel types, in any length and in curved and angled form. Gulf specialise in producing radiators for unusual and exacting requirements. Gulf are installed throughout the country and in the largest building built since the war. Write for a catalogue or a representative to call.



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HOT WATER RADIATORS

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One of the four extra long Panel Radiators used to heat the galleries of the assembly hall at Kidbrooke Secondary School shown above and below two of the Gulf Panels used as convectors on the main floor.

THE HURSEAL GROUP OF HEATING COMPANIES
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fly BEA to the Sun



fly BEA to the Snow



Sun-worshipper or snow-fan? Whichever you are there's tremendous scope for you in Europe this autumn and winter. All down the Mediterranean way the sun will be working overtime. All round the mountains the snow will be lying sparkling white. Everything is so inviting, you'll feel you cannot get there fast enough. So don't waste a moment en route; fly there in all the comfort of a BEA Viscount or Elizabethan. That way you reach the sun or snow in a few hours. You can be in Barcelona, for example, in 3 hours 20 minutes at a tourist return fare of £38.9.0; Basle in 2 hours at an off-peak tourist return fare of £18.19.0 (from December 16). Ask your Travel Agent for the folders that give full information on resorts, routes and fares. Or consult your nearest BEA office, or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14/20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1. GERRARD 9833.

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Searching for peace and quiet on your autumn or winter travels?
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Chaque fois que le
EVERY TIME THE
chasseur fatigué tire avec
WEARY HUNTER FIRES
son fusil les petits
HIS GUN THE LITTLE
lapins se tordent de
RABBITS ROCK WITH LAUGHTER.
rire. Prenez un Dubonnet,
HAVE A DUBONNET,
chasseur! Cela fortifie
HUNTER! IT FORTIFIES
les bras et aiguise
THE ARM AND SHARPENS
l'appétit pour le pâté de
THE APPETITE FOR RABBIT PIE
lapin. (Courez, lapins, courez!)
RUN, RABBITS, RUN!

Men who take their menus seriously know that Dubonnet creates the kind of appetite which makes head-waiters bow a little deeper. Enjoy Dubonnet either with a squeeze of lemon and a dash of soda; or with a measure of gin; or by its excellent self. A large bottle costs 20/-.

DUBONNET

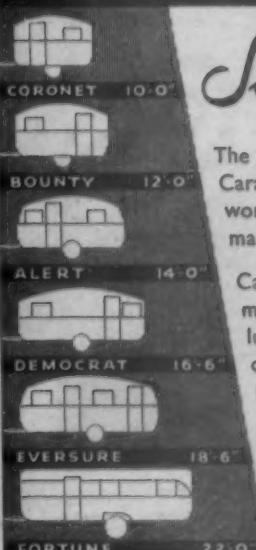
does not affect the liver

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Caravans cleverly designed to give maximum space, superb comfort and luxurious furnishings with a choice of upholstery and exterior colours from the standard range.

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— John Ruskin (1819-1900)



"The time is probably near," wrote Ruskin in 1849, "when a new system of architectural laws will be developed, adapted entirely to metallic construction."

Today, Wallspan outer walls represent a form of permanent metallic construction intimately adapted to human and industrial needs: the human need for abundant light and air indoors . . . the economic need for speedy, labour-saving construction . . . the aesthetic need for freshness and colour in design.

Multi-Story Walls up in DAYS! Wallspan is a light aluminium alloy grid formed of vertical and horizontal members. The grid is bolted to the weight-carrying frame of the building. Into the Wallspan grid go the windows and doors and it is then rapidly completed with suitable panelling material. The whole operation is so simple that the outer walls of large buildings can go up in a matter of days. A Wallspan building can even go into business floor by floor; as the walls go up.

More Beauty. An endless variety of infilling panelling is available in glass, metal, asbestos, wood—in numerous textures and colours. That means increased opportunity for beautiful and functional design. Using Wallspan, your architect can give you a building you'll be proud of.

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Handsome hair when you check Dry Scalp

It's goodbye to good grooming when you suffer from Dry Scalp.

Check Dry Scalp by stimulating the flow of natural scalp oils with just a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic, massaged gently into the scalp for twenty seconds daily. This easy treatment will soon give your hair that natural, healthy, well-groomed look.

There's no spirit or other drying ingredient in this blend of pure natural oils. That's why 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can check Dry Scalp and really groom your hair at the same time. Buy a bottle today—it costs only 2/6, or 3/9 for double the quantity.



Vaseline[®] HAIR TONIC

The dressing that checks Dry Scalp

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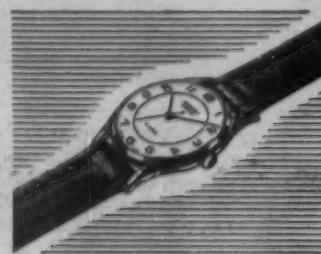
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ROTARY FOR 'jewel' PRECISION !

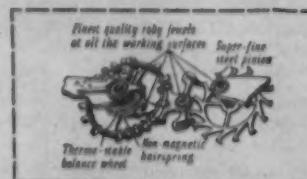
What a handsome watch to look at and to wear! But look right into the heart of a Rotary Watch—that's where you'll find perfection. Yes, every Rotary Watch is fitted with a jewelled lever escapement; every Rotary movement has at least 15 jewels. The movement is designed and made by craftsmen, with long experience in creating watches with a high reputation for quality. This is what makes a Rotary Watch so accurate as well as so good-looking—a completely reliable watch and a perfect gift!

The Rotary Jewelled Lever Escapement

The precision of this jewelled lever escapement is a sure sign of quality, and a guarantee of long, reliable service. 15 jewels in every Rotary movement give smooth, accurate running.



The Rotary 'Excellency' with centre seconds sweep, in solid gold . . . £16.50



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WATCHES

Accuracy and Distinction at a reasonable price

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Here's news of **TCA's** **FAMILY FARE PLAN**

Briefly, this is how it works. The husband or wife in charge of a family party pays the normal fare. The accompanying wife or husband, or son or daughter between the ages of 12 and 25 inclusive, will pay the normal First or Tourist fare *less* considerable savings (see example below). Children below the age of 12 pay half the normal adult fare, children under 2 years pay 10%.

...remember TCA means *SUPER Constellation comfort*!

**A FAMILY OF 4
CAN SAVE UP TO**
£214
LONDON TO MONTREAL

Effective Nov. 1	Tourist Off-Season Round Trip	Family Fare Plan	SAVING
Mr. "A"	£168.19.0	£168.19.0	
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See your Travel Agent for details of how much YOU can save!



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Recipe for Glowing Health

Sunshine gives you reserves of stamina which ebb away in the sunless days. It is then you fall a more ready victim to the typical illnesses of winter. So drink the sunshine in TINTARA and retain your summer strength.

TINTARA, specially selected by Burgoynes, is a magnificently full and robust burgundy with the concentrated goodness of the Australian

sun in every flagon. It is a wonderful wine for winter—appetising and invigorating.

A glass or so daily with meals (or even at mid morning with a biscuit) will give you reserves of summer strength to take you through the longest winter.

Tintara costs a little more than Australian burgundies of lesser merit but you will soon notice the difference and appreciate it.

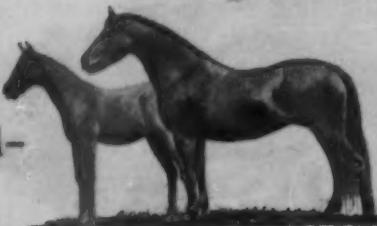
13/- a flagon (a bottle and a half)
6/- a half-flagon (6d. deposit on flagons)

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Recommended by the Medical Profession for
well over three-quarters of a century.



Nature's Masterpieces
can be
instantly
recognised—
—so can



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A masterpiece of Man and Nature

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Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark. It is approved by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark, and guarantees that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.



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LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE
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Issued by
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED



What's Jack Train telling
Richard Murdoch and Nigel Patrick?



“Look, Dickie, here's why
'Philishave' Rotary Action
gives such a smooth shave”

“You know how the hairs on your face grow in all directions? That's the big difficulty with most shaving methods, of course. But with the 'Philishave' it doesn't matter a hoot, because—”

“Because the blades rotate?”

“You've got it! And because the blades rotate they get *all* the hairs, long and short, without any of that awful scraping or snipping. Stands to reason it's smoother—and easier on your skin.”

“And closer?”

“And closer—because while the blades are rotating the shaving head gently stretches the skin. So the shaving's done right down at skin-level.”



£7.9.3
(inc. tax) with case
For AC & DC mains.
110/130v. and 200/250v.

“I say, Jack, I've got an
idea . . .”

“No, Murdoch, you can not
borrow my 'Philishave'. How
d'you suppose I'll ever get that
lovely smooth shave without
it?”

PHILIPS

PHILISHAVE

THE DRY SHAVER WITH THE BIGGEST WORLD SALE
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(PS602C)

you can

always tell . . .

DAKS

REGD



By their autumn colour sense, you can always tell Daks.
By the way they get a line and a *hang* you can always tell Daks.
By their range of materials — winterweight aircords and
coverts and cavalry twills, not to mention the incomparable
Balton worsted — you can always tell Daks. By their
individuality, by the years of life in them . . . you can always
tell Daks. Not for nothing are these trousers world-famous.





Meet Mr Brandyman

He's worth cultivating. Always ready to fit his mood to yours. In the company of ginger ale or soda he offers you the choice of two stimulating and refreshing long drinks.

Make friends with

MARTELL
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the STANDARD MAN does not exist . . .

If he did, our job would be greatly simplified—but deadly dull. On the whole we are rather pleased that men exist in such a profusion of shapes and sizes, and rather proud that their diversity is matched by our wide and skilfully designed range of fittings. Suits and overcoats like these can be obtained from good men's shops in London's West End and throughout the country. You'll know them by the Drescott showcard in the window.

Should you have any difficulty in finding your Drescott retailer, please drop us a line and we will be glad to give you his address.

An announcement by
DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD of DUDLEY
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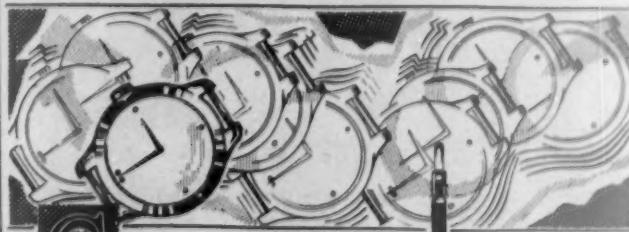
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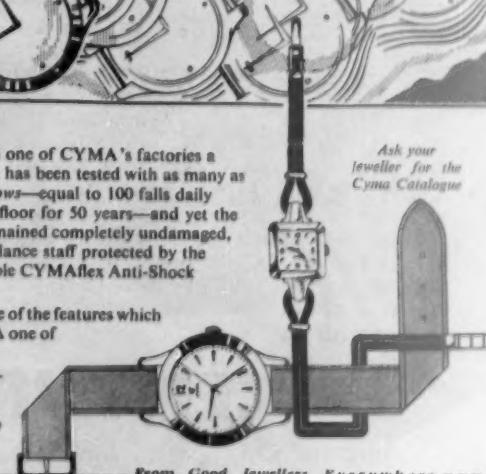


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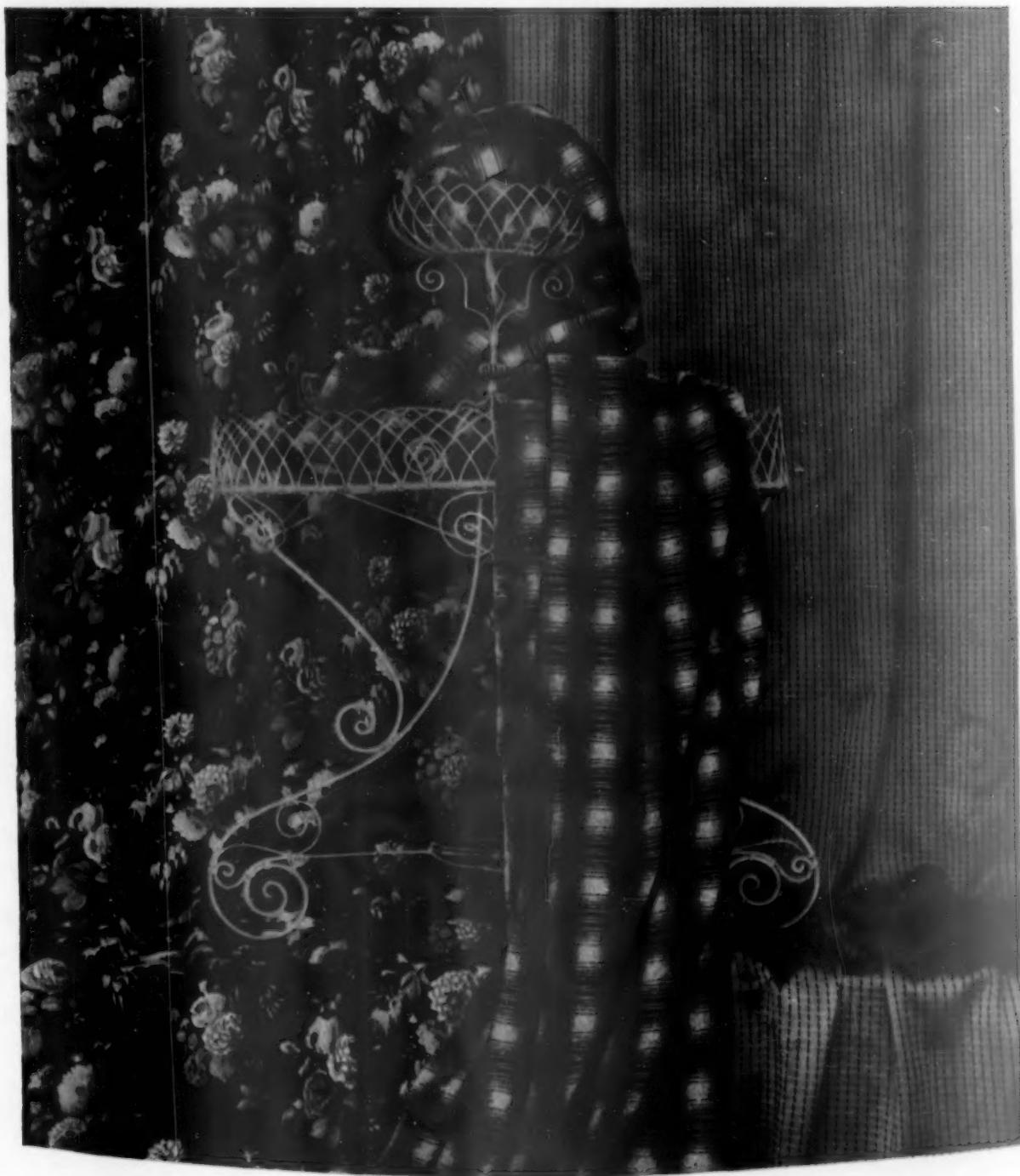
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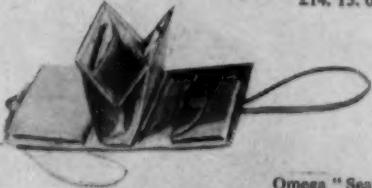
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It's a strenuous game!



Tensely following every twist and brilliant manoeuvre, we onlookers too, share in our way the rigours of the game. It's a good thing that the lunch-basket contained supplies of coffee, alerting brain and nerve, fitting us to play a keenly appreciative part. So much the better that it was Nescafé. For Nescafé always ensures perfectly-made coffee, full of stimulating, roaster-fresh goodness.

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ARCHBISHOP SPIRIDON, Primate of Greece, has strongly condemned those organizing anti-Greek riots in Istanbul, who "should realize that such outrages only harm the side responsible for them." Copies of his sermon are no doubt being printed for circulation among those responsible for anti-British riots in Nicosia, Limassol and Famagusta.

Everyone's Gone Soft

STILL further evidence that Chicago isn't what it used to be comes in an American dispatch: traffic police there have been ordered to abandon the form "Hey, bud, where's the fire?" when addressing speeding motorists, and an



officially recommended alternative is "Good evening, sir. I stopped you because you were exceeding the speed limit. May I see your driver's licence, please?" Patrolmen think that this may lead in time to a complete phrase-book, including the correct form of words before using a night-stick in self-defence.

Dear Old Pals

IT is easy to lose track of our Russian friends now visiting us; hard to know whether the "Mr. Kucherenko, a deputy chairman of the Soviet Council of Ministers" who is reported to have sampled potato chips in an L.C.C. old people's home at Stoke Newington, is the same as, or merely a misprint for, the "Mr. Kosygin, a deputy chairman of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R." who is reported elsewhere to have led a delegation appreciatively through the National Fabric Fair at the Albert Hall. One thing seems certain: as long as we can interest Soviet leaders

in national fabrics and potato chips, and get international understanding in that way, there's no need to go into little quibbles about who's selling arms to Egypt and why.

Premature Inquest

Now that the investigation of the Socialist Party organization, with particular regard to votes lost in the last election, has yielded the Wilson report, there is some pressure within the Socialist Party organization for an investigation of the Wilson report, with particular regard to votes lost in the next election.

Catching Up Fast

THIS month's test transmissions in colour, says an announcement by the B.B.C. Television Service, will have no entertainment value. This reflects great credit on the technicians for so quickly bringing the innovation into line with many black-and-white programmes.

Manner of Speaking

IN the age of grab, a clear, sweet note is struck by the secretary of the British Furniture Manufacturers Federated



Associations who, although costs of materials, labour and distribution have risen, has "not recommended that prices be increased." Instead he has merely suggested "that members should adjust their prices where necessary in the light of variations in their own costs over recent months."

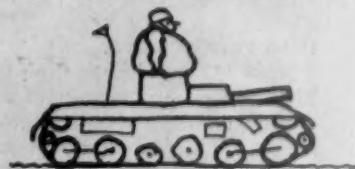
No Union, Either

AS lately as last Sunday the gourmet journalists were still getting into print from romantic date-lines with such

stuff as morilles whipped in cream, poulet de Bresse or omelets oozing melted Gruyère; it has been hard work for them, eating their way around Europe this hot summer, and it surely can't be long now before they come home to fast and make out their expenses sheets, then to turn refreshed to their seasonal stint of Christmas wine articles.

Bulge

THE campaign by American Army chiefs to trim G.I. waist-measurements has been out of the news lately, but makes an effective come-back with a claim by the 2nd Armoured Division that in eleven months its men have got



their joint weight down by three thousand pounds. This is good work, not to be invalidated by any snarls from plump Red Army spokesmen that this wasn't the sort of reduction they meant.

Changing All the Time

NEITHER as a concept nor as a diplomatist's vogue phrase has the Spirit of Geneva become seriously tarnished yet. The fact that an American congressional spokesman had to give an assurance last week "that the Geneva spirit has not erased the memory" of the captive peoples of Eastern Europe, however, makes one or two people fear that in time the words may follow "peace" into the inevitable inverted commas.

Cap d'Antibes for the Shirtless

IT now seems, from a careful analysis of dispatches from Buenos Aires, Zurich, Rio de Janeiro and elsewhere,

that Señor Perón will live in retirement and luxury. This establishes a precedent of a sort. Up to now it has not been usual for ex-Dictators to live anywhere, and the late tyrant of the Argentine may be the first of a long stream of political castaways who will gradually replace the ageing ex-Royalties of the present time in Europe's smartest resorts, snobbiest clubs and silliest gossip-columns.

Still Learning

ON the dangers of talking too much a magistrate at North London Court explained to anyone who happened to be listening how, when first on the



Bench, he kept a notice in front of him saying "Keep Your Mouth Shut." The explanation, according to *The Times* report, took him eighty-four words.

Drop That Notebook

NONE of the British reporters in Brussels seems to have tackled Group-Captain Townsend about the threats on his life which led to his getting an armed bodyguard. This says a lot for an armed bodyguard.

Ask for Haig

EXERCISE "Searchlight," conducted on Salisbury Plain under nuclear warfare conditions, yielded some valuable information, including the fact, according to one report, that an infantry division "can dig itself into the ground and put eighteen inches of earth protection overhead in three days." Such exercises give the lie to charges that the military expert always thinks that the next war will be fought like the last. He thinks that it will be fought like the last but one.

Ennui

A TOPIC that one finds extremely arid
Is whether Aly will, or won't, get married.
Nor can one raise much more enthusiasm
in
One's thoughts of Rita and her daughter
Yasmin.



Can you tell me the way to Westminster?
Can you tell me the way out of Carey Street?

Business Meeting

I wish to retire
I do not wish to retire
I wish to retire, but I am not going to.

The organization is bad
The organization is very bad
The part of the organization for which I am responsible is good.

This is for publication
This is not for publication
This is not for publication, but can you get me the *Daily Mirror* on the telephone.

Shopping

I want a copy of the *Daily Mirror*
I want a copy of *Tribune*



MARGATE PHRASE-BOOK

In the Street

I WISH to turn to the Left
I wish to turn to the Right
I wish to stay where I am.

Can you tell me the way to Downing Street?

If the *Daily Herald* is the only newspaper you have, I will do without one altogether.

Have you a small pipe?
Have you a large pipe?

Have you a pipe suitable for a member of the National Executive Committee to smoke, or at least to hold?

Have you something with which I may mend a leak?

I wish to mend a leak on the Left side but not the one on the Right

I have seen a leak advertised in the *Daily Mirror*; may I purchase it?

In the Country

I like my farm
I like my farm better than South Wales
I wish I did not have to leave my farm for Margate.

Is that Mr. Cudlipp, dear?
I'm afraid that's Mr. Cudlipp
What a quiet week; we haven't even seen Mr. Cudlipp.

At the Party

Why is Mr. Edelman talking to the Archbishop of Canterbury?
Surely Mr. Edelman shouldn't keep Princess Margaret waiting like that
Yes, I am Mr. Edelman, but excuse me for a moment, I see the Earl Marshal is calling me.

I wish to meet Mr. Wilson
I do not wish to meet Mr. Wilson
I wish to be the next Labour Prime Minister, so can I meet Mr. Wilson?

At the Hotel

Have you a message for Dr. Summerskill?
I'm Dr. Summerskill, and I've been expecting a message
Why do I never get the messages I want?

Paging Mr. Keir Hardie
Mr. Keir Hardie is wanted on the telephone
It's funny about Mr. Keir Hardie; one would almost think he was dead.

Dr. Summerskill—this is Mrs. Castle.
(This will end any conversation and is recommended to visitors to Margate.)

H. F.



THE TRUTH ABOUT BUTLER:

or, The effects of "buoyant expansion coupled with insufficient restraint at home."

(With acknowledgments to H. G. Wells)

How I Done My Research

By ALEX ATKINSON

It is reported that the standard of English shown in papers submitted at the recent entrance examination of the Westminster Medical School of the University of London bordered on illiteracy. In this connection we feel it essential to place before the world the first of a series of extracts, eventually to appear in "The Lancet," from a treatise by Dr. P. Henbane, one of the most brilliant minds in the future of medical science, on his investigations into the cause and cure of the common cold.

THIS chap X comes in to the Surgry on the Wensday all puffed up round the Eyes and Snuffling something terrible. What's to do? I says, so he says I'm all bunged Up and canot Breath proper. You have got a common cold, I says, and he says How can I get Releef?

This set me thinking, as I have often wondered about this Problem ever since I was a kid, as my Aunty was for ever Snuffling and spent a fortune on Hankys in her time and I was a great Favorite of hers. Come and see me the day after Tomorow, I says, and in the meen time I will have a Think.

So anyway, on the Friday Mr. X comes in again and his nose is Running and he has got a bit of a Temprature. Blimey, I says, it is coming on Bad, is it not? Yes, he says, I feel done in and have lost the use of one Nostril. Let me have a look at your throte and everything, I says, so I gave him a thorough going over. There was free

discharge of mucus and some Inflammation of the membranes of Nose Throte and Eyes and this was getting on to his Windpipe and Bronchial tubes through the Larynks.

Anyhow, I got hold of some of this Stuff I had mixed up, made out of a bit of camponicorum and some epithemicus virus and I thought to myself, this might do the Trick so here goes. Because I had been having this Theery off and on for years, you see. It's all to do with Virus I don't care what Anyone says as what else can it be. Anyhow I stuck a bit of this up his nose and here and there and off he goes Home and I thought no more about it until the Monday.

What have you done to my Breething? he says on the Monday. Why? I says, what is up with you now? Blimey, he says, I canot hardly eat my Scoff in case I Choaks, and also my nose won't even run to give me releef. You have Bunged me Up worse than what I was on the

Wensday, he says, and that stuff you have give me to snuff up smells Awful. Well, I says, this is very intresting. I think I am on the Right Track, I says to him. I know, he says, but my eyes keep on Running also, and my taste Buds have gone funny. It is your Cold that is doing that, I says, but the day will come when I will have a cure for it. All right, he says, I will be your Guinnea Pig, so I gets him down on the table and off with his Westcoat. You should have heard his Tubes, they were Cronhic.

Anyhow, to cut a long Story short, I mixes up a bit more of this here Virus and daubs some of it on to his Tonsills. What are you doing now? he says. I am trying out a new System, I says. He took it in good part, and the following Teusday in he comes again with his alm in a sling. Dear dear, I says, what has Occured to you at this juncture? I have fell down a kind of Man hole, he says, what with my eyes being Bunged Up I could not see proper where I was going, and Now look at me. Do not worry, I says, as one day there will be statues of you all over the place. I know that, he says, but I am wanting to get back to Work, as I do not desire my Mates to laugh at me and say sissy. Mr. X, I says, I have just been struck with an Idea. Good, he says, what is it? I cannot tell you Yet, I says, as it must remain a Secret for the time been. You sit there, I says, and wait while I nip out for a bit more Stuff from the chemists.

This was on the Teusday. On the Friday I had a Sensational developement.

(To be continued)



Just a Thought

GOD gave us eyelids: we can hide the eyes
From what is hideous or horrifies.
I wonder greatly that in recent years
We've not grown little flaps to close
the ears.

A. P. H.

Home Chat

By ANTHONY CARSON

A LONG time ago, for want of something better to do, I used to walk round and round the pond in Kensington Gardens in the company of a tall, thin, bending man called Sandiman. Buds appeared, dogs barked, model boats hooted, kites flew up, leaves shimmered, the band played, leaves dropped and the gull colony returned from the seaside. They had sad little faces with tiny black spectacles, and took bread from your hand. Round and round we walked, sometimes never speaking, and I used to imagine I could hear Sandiman's brain turning over an insoluble problem. Now and then he took out a cheque book and wrote a cheque on a tree and gave it to me.

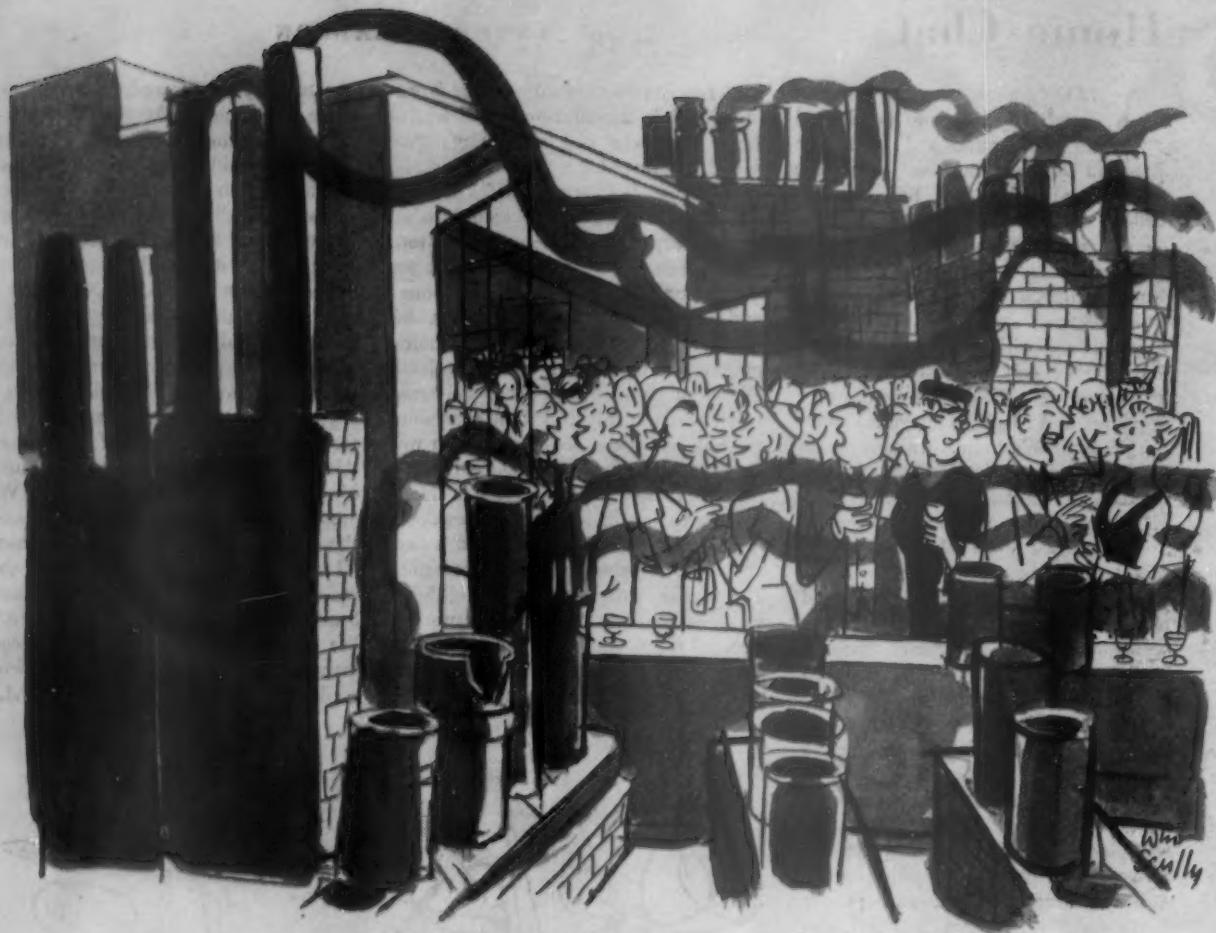
Eventually I got a job abroad and I forgot all about the Gardens. But a year later I was back, broke, and found myself back at the pond. I was not surprised to see Sandiman wearily feeding a gull, and he was not surprised to see me either. He made no reference to my having been abroad, and it seemed tactless to bring up the subject of Switzerland. However I had to look for work and started to do a series of free-lance articles for an illustrated magazine. It was inclined to be nervous work because the editors were always getting expelled, and people didn't know who I was, and if I was rude to somebody I would go to the office and that person would suddenly have become the editor. I tried to get subjects abroad, but they were jealously appropriated by the few members of the staff who had not been shot at during the editorial revolutions. One day a completely new bullet-proof editor called me into his office. "Listen," he said, "have you ever been to the pond in Kensington Gardens? Have a go at it, and see what you can do. I will find you a good photographer."

It was high summer when the photographer and I entered the Gardens and started to walk around the pond. Kites were flying, model boats hooted, the band played, and the leaves shimmered. As usual, Sandiman was there looking down at the singed grass and wrestling inwardly. "It's a pity you're doing this," he said, after some thought. "It'll cheapen the place. I would have given you a cheque." The photographer

and I began to climb up on the bandstand, while a uniformed man with a huge moustache was conducting "Pale Hands I Loved." "Go away," he shouted. "We are press," I said. At once his granite face split into an oddly surprising smile and he tore wildly at the air with his baton. We got some good pictures of tamed trombones and then hunted for kites and model boats. "And lovers," said the photographer, taking out his telescopic lens. We were tip-toeing under some trees when we suddenly heard an enormous rustling and something jumped on my back. It was a monkey. "Albert won't hurt you," said a hearty voice. "He's that gentle but he loves jungly pranks." A big man with a red face and a cap appeared, carrying a chain in his hand. The monkey jumped off my back, did a somersault and disappeared into another tree. "We'll take a picture of this," said the photographer. The red-faced man gave some endearing whistles and

the monkey reappeared, as bright as a prize schoolboy. At that moment a huge policeman appeared. "Now listen," he said, "apes and the like are not allowed in the Gardens." "Albert is not an ape," said the red-faced man. "Ape or no," said the policeman, "you must remove it from the Gardens in an orderly manner before it becomes a nuisance to the public." "This is a godsend," said the photographer, taking a swift picture of Albert and the pointing policeman. At that the policeman took a great slap at his camera and stood in front of it like the Houses of Parliament. "It is illegal," he said "to take pictures of apes in Kensington Gardens." "We are press and it is not an ape," said the photographer, taking another snap. "I don't care who you are," said the policeman. "It is an illegal animal and a misdemeanour is being committed." We watched him escort the red-faced man and Albert, who could only proceed by trees, to the Bayswater Road.





"I think it was fresher inside."

Some time later, at a party, I met a B.B.C. producer. "I saw your story about the pond in Kensington Gardens," he said. "Would you like to do a little story about it for the Home Chat hour?" "Certainly," I said. "Make it chatty," he said. "About eight minutes, and aim at the women washing up." "Certainly," I said. I went home, and I wrote about the monkey and the bandstand and the kites and the shimmering leaves and sent it in. Then I got a letter of acceptance and was told to report at the Home Chat room in a week.

I reported there, and found an office of about fourteen terribly conscientious women. They seemed to exude ideals, efficiency and a sort of enormous meaning. A very timid man occasionally appeared and smiled at me bashfully, and

I noticed that he always moved about sideways like a crab in a dangerous aquarium. He was the Home Chat producer. I hung about in one of the rooms looking at my script and avoiding the eyes of the women, and particularly of the female director, who switched dials and pushed in knobs and ran the world and had a tiny sneer whenever she noticed me. There was also a rather large woman with a great black hat who was called Mrs. Featherstone, and who ran the Home Chat diary. I heard it over the inter-com. It was about blackberry bushes at dawn, and God, and recipes, and not wasting time. When it was my turn for rehearsal I went into a room behind a glass panel, and through it I could see the female director switching dials and Mrs. Featherstone nodding her huge animistic hat. I read

my script in a quavering sick tenor and waited for the result. Suddenly I heard Mrs. Featherstone's rich voice saying, very clearly, "Well, I don't think that's very funny, I must say." The inter-com, which should have been shut off, had been left on. I went out from the broadcasting room and the female director announced sandwiches and coffee in the board room before the genuine broadcast. We went up two flights of stairs and arrived in a large room with a big table topped by a vase of flowers. "What beautiful flowers!" cried Mrs. Featherstone. "How they make one *think*." "Now, then," said the director, "will everyone have coffee?" "May I have some beer?" I asked with a certain bravado. There was a long silence and then a rustling noise like the wings of insects at the end

of a hot summer day. "You may," said the director, fingering her jet necklace, "but I warn you that it slurs the speech. Home Chat is a gossipy, family programme that rather keeps away from excess, if you understand what I mean." She rang for the waiter.

Ten minutes before the broadcast the male producer scuttled towards me. "How is it going?" he asked stealthily. "I have been insulted," I said, "and I am not going on with it." "Insulted," he said with horror, "on Home Chat?" "Certainly. A woman called Mrs. Featherstone informed everybody that my talk wasn't funny." "Not funny," cried the producer. "But I rolled. The monkey and the bandstand. I rolled." "I'm not going on with it," I said. "But you have to. I will speak to Mrs. Featherstone at once." "Don't," I said. "You're joking," cried the producer suddenly. "Possibly," I said. Halfway through the broadcast I suddenly thought of Sandiman listening-in in the lounge of his terrible hotel and could hardly speak. It was like trying to climb a mountain in slippery boots. "Thank you," said the lady interviewer, and they put on a record of "Pale Hands I Loved," while I stumbled out of the room.

A few weeks later I returned to the pond. Sandiman was there and we walked three times around it without speaking. "I read the article," he said eventually, "and I heard the broadcast. And what have you gained from it?" "Not much, I suppose," I said. The leaves were falling, and the gulls had returned, eyeing us skimpily through their little black spectacles, and the kites raced in the wind. Sandiman went to a tree and wrote me a cheque.

About a month later the pond froze and it was covered with mist. Shrouded cries of birds penetrated the fog, and I had a sudden feeling we were walking around the North Pole. I could hardly see Sandiman walking beside me. "I have come to a decision," I said, "I am going to write about the broadcast." I turned to Sandiman but he had gone and all I could hear was the mournful hoot of a polar bird.

"Scramble eggs in usual way, and when almost cooked add strained sweet corn. Serve on coats." —Northern Echo

Waistcoats are more usual.

The Antique Heroes

FAULTLESSLY those antique heroes
Went through their tests and paces,
Meeting the most extraordinary phenomena
With quite impassive faces.

Dragons, chimeras, sirens, ogres
Were all in the day's work;
From acorn to dryad, from home to the Hesperides
No further than next week.

There was always someone who would give them
something
Still more impossible to do,
And a divinity on call to help them
See the assignment through.

The functions of the heroine were,
Though pleasurable, more narrow—
Receiving a god, generally Zeus,
And breeding another hero.

It gave life an added interest for all
Compliant girls, to know
That a bull, a swan, a yokel might be
Deity incognito . . .

Scholars dispute if such tales were chiefly
The animist's childwise vision,
Ancestor-snobbery, or a kind of
Archaic science-fiction.

Well, I have seen a clutch of hydras
Slithering round W.C.2,
And Odysseus striding from the airport. I think
Those tales could be strictly true.

C. DAY LEWIS



Not Beyond Conjecture

By R. G. G. PRICE

THE essence of scholarship is restoration, whether of the arms of statues or the missing bits of poems, but a fragment is not always recognized as such. *Macbeth* is a fragment. It is far shorter than most of the great plays and what is missing is obviously a sub-plot. Perhaps the cut version was used for some special occasion. Our first hint is in the *Dramatis Personæ*. One cannot feel that Lennox, Ross, Caithness, Angus and Menteith have enough to do to justify their being paid at full rates. Their real function must be to carry the sub-plot, which, in contrast to the doom-laden atmosphere of the main

play, seems to have been a gay comedy of intrigue.

Ross was carrying on a liaison with Lady Macduff. The key scene is Act IV, Scene 2. Ross wishes to gain his paramour's consent to the removal of her husband, who has angered her by fleeing to England. Cunningly he defends him in a way that would add fuel to any wife's flames. "I pray you, school yourself." "He's noble, wise, judicious and best knows the fits of the season." The presence of the child (not, I think, a very nice child) prevents his using his usual methods of persuasion and he leaves hurriedly: "I am so much a fool, should I stay longer, it

would be my disgrace and your discomfort." Beginning to prepare the child for the coming switch in parents, Lady Macduff pretends his father is dead but Wee Macduff says, "If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father." We see the boy murdered but we do not see Lady Macduff murdered, which is unlike Shakespeare. The only evidence she is dead at all is Ross's announcement to Macduff at the English court. Probably some of the missing scenes show the guilty pair in merry dalliance, perhaps under assumed names.

In amorous comedy the Don Juan often has a friend and confidant. Here it is obviously Lennox. At the beginning, when Malcolm has identified Ross to the audience, it is Lennox who says "So should he look that seems to speak things strange." As his words are "God save the King," Lennox is obviously a man close enough to Ross to distinguish between what he says and what he means. The Friend has traditionally to pretend to be the counsellor of the deceived husband. When the door is opened after the knocking, Lennox and Macduff are found together. What more likely than that the coast has been left clear for Ross? It is some time before Ross himself appears and then he is telling an Old Man it has been a rough night. His interest in the behaviour of Duncan's horses may be intended to suggest the cavalry officer type of libertine. How insolent and patronizing he is when the cuckold appears: "Here comes the good Macduff." How ill-concealed the triumph in "How goes the world, Sir, now?" How cautious his inquiry into Macduff's movements: "Will you to Scorne?" When Macduff replies that he is going to Fife, Ross ambiguously says "Well, I will thither." There is dramatic irony in Macduff's "Well, may you see things well done there."

There are other problems. Who was Another Lord? As the notes tell us that he was entrusted with an Ethic Dative he was presumably no mere bit player. Was it Caithness? Was it Menteith? Who was the Messenger who warns Lady Macduff? He says



"Why don't you concentrate on cleaning up the rackets before you start on the professions?"

"In your state of honour I am perfect." This man cannot mean, as the notes pretend, that he is acquainted with her rank. He really means "I know the state of your honour." He is a black-mailer. It is obviously Lennox, who may be Ross's friend and comrade in his amorous escapades, but he may also be a False Friend or simply hard up. He gives himself away in Act V, Scene 2: "I have a file of all the gentry," presumably the elaborate records essential to any blackmailer. His description of himself as homely indicates the nature of his disguise. The evidence that Lennox is the Third Murderer is suggestive but not overwhelming. There is very little for Fleance to do in the play as we have it and it seems possible that the sub-plot shows him coming between Lennox and one or more of his victims. All too often a kind of brusque efficiency in crises goes with characters like Lennox's, and we may perhaps catch his tone as he snaps "Who did

strike out the light?" to which the First Murderer, a pathetic Horace Kenney type who, we know from Wee Macduff, had shag-ears, says plaintively "Wasn't not the way?"

There are too many points for discussion that must be omitted for lack of space; but I must just deal with the Porter. His low comedy act has generally been taken as a psychological device for heightening the tension. It is more likely to be part of the sub-plot. After all, it is to Macduff and Lennox that he opens the door. Comedy often requires to be set off by farce. The Porter's inexplicable silence before the wonderful audience provided by the lords who crowd in at the news of Duncan's death is explained by the ample opportunities for his topical monologues during the turns and twists of the Ross-Lady Macduff liaison.

There are a good many score lines to be restored before *Macbeth* becomes the equal of *Hamlet*.



Happy New Yar

I HAVE drunk in many places and been bored in almost none,
I have paid in many currencies for many kinds of fun,
But of all the shining cities and their pleasure-spots by far
The merriest is Moscow and the gayest is the Yar:
And the night of all my youth that I remember most about
Was the night we saw the New Yar in before they threw us out.
It was farther west than Broadway, and they didn't want to have
The soulful sort of music that is native to the Slav:
There was zing and swing and saxophones and cymbals now
and then,

And everything was played in tenths by more than twenty men.
And a negro blew a trumpet over melancholy chords
And fitted old familiar tunes with half-remembered words
(*If you like the balalaika lady, the balalaika lady likes you*)
And we felt the heady happiness that city life affords.

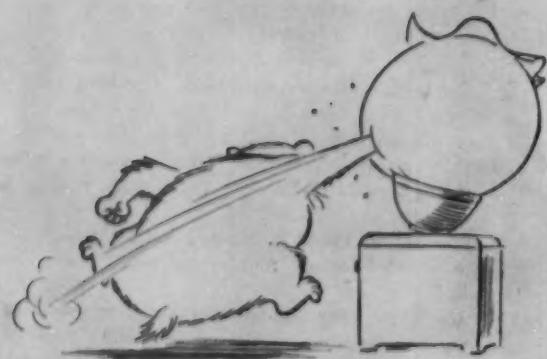
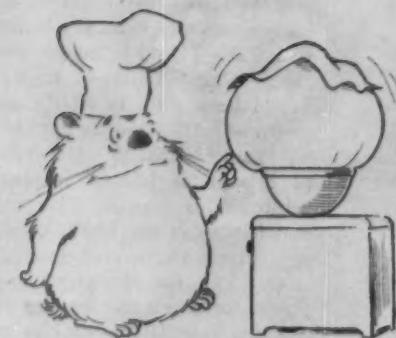
There was all the wealth of empire, the élite of half the earth,
And I shouldn't care to reckon what the furs alone were worth.
There were middle-eastern monarchs and some up-and-
coming beys
And some solemn Mongol students learning occidental ways.
There were dons and deans and diplomats and physicists
and peers
And a military mission of Egyptian engineers.
And the negro with the trumpet pursed his ox-blood lips
and blew
And fitted old familiar tunes with words we almost knew
(*Red sales to the Knesset*
There never will be)

And we had the taste of half the earth ruled richly by the few.

There was every sort of beauty for which anybody longs:
There were wanton western women singing wicked western
songs;
There were glamour girls from Georgia and Caucasian
courtesans
And Bessarabian houris barely hidden by their fans.
And svelte Circassian showgirls shook their unencumbered
hips,
While the students watched with almond eyes and oriental
lips.
And the negro blew his trumpet till his ivory eyeballs rolled,
And fitted old familiar tunes with words not quite as old
(*I can't give you anything but love, baby.*
More than that I couldn't give Khrushchev, baby.)
And the thoughts of youth were rosy, and the Kremlin paved
with gold.

We knew with vodka-sodden minds that here we had the
best
Of the east's unchanging wisdom and the culture of the west.
It dazzled us and deafened us, and always down below
The smiling squads of People's Police were waiting in the
snow.
And suddenly we found it late and felt a little chill,
And we fumbled for our roubles and asked quietly for our
bill,
While the negro blew his trumpet like a neophyte in hell
And sang familiar tunes with words we didn't know as well
(*My sweetie went away, but they wouldn't say why,*
They wouldn't say where——)
And we tipped a little lavishly and made for our hotel.

P. M. HUBBARD



Etiquette on Four Meals a Day

Luncheon

MRS. IRIS STORM (née March, formerly Fenwick) "did not like abbreviations, even lunch for luncheon," while another of Mr. Arlen's heroines went so far as to abandon the use of lunch as a verb and to inquire "Where shall we luncheon?" All serious students of etiquette will admire and applaud this attitude, even if it sets a standard towards which many will strive in vain. It is of course true that there are only too many meals eaten between 12 noon and 2.30 p.m. which it would be ludicrous to describe as anything except lunch and precious little of it. Everyone is familiar with those extraordinary meals made of bran and air which neither satisfy the palate nor nourish the system. They were particularly prevalent during the late war, when those who had, in Mr. Arlen's words, luncheoned, usually looked hungrier from gastronomic hope defeated than those who still had an illusion that they were about to stoke up.

So it will be seen that luncheon is a meal where etiquette is apt to take some stiff knocks. Fork luncheons, quick lunches, bread-and-cheese-is-all-I-ever-touch-in-the-middle-of-the-day, these are the enemies of the luncheon for which it is possible to lay down rules of etiquette. Fork luncheons indeed are the enemies of everything from conversation to corns. No one can be expected to be witty, or even reasonably civil, as they stand holding a plateful of grains of rice in one hand and a glass of tepid Sauterne in the other, while their corns perform a trumpet voluntary and

the hell of an under-nourished afternoon opens before them. A Fellow of All Souls once gave a particularly terrible fork luncheon party in the crypt of that college. Abandoning any pretence of conforming to etiquette, the host failed to appear himself and the frozen corpses of the guests were eventually removed by his scut.

Turning with a shudder from such blighted scenes, an ordinary luncheon table would appear to be fairly smooth going; but there are only too apt to be sticky patches even before the company settle down round the mahogany or rosewood, with many a bright smile that hides a cracked kneecap. The first guest arrives and the host gives him a drink; both have had a stiffish morning and neither feels that friendly glow in which the invitation was given and accepted. The hostess is still sitting in a traffic block many streets away, probably with some vital item of the menu melting in her shopping basket. But a far worse situation can arise, as when a socially high-powered luncheon party were left making tortured conversation while the entire luncheon from *pâté* to *friendises* wilted in a van held up in the midday traffic stand-still. To return to the guest who has just been handed a drink: if, as is only too likely, it is of unbelievable nastiness, he may be tempted to have one or two more quickly, feeling that nothing could be so revolting to the taste a second time. Etiquette and foresight are both against such a move. The taste will not improve, anxious glances will be cast at him, and if the drink is actually poisonous he will

break out in a cold sweat in the middle of the meal.

Finally the long wait is over and eating begins in earnest. Whereupon etiquette springs a number of little traps. For example, melon is delicious eaten with ground ginger, and cayenne pepper heightens the pleasure of potted shrimps, but one grain too many of either leads to paralysis of the vocal chords, and two too many leads to a strangled flight from the table. It is also a lapse of etiquette when offered a second helping to pause before plunging the spoon into the dish and inquire "What follows?" But hosts and guests should above all beware of offering or accepting any food or drink that is not actually under the roof where the meal is being eaten. Hideous embarrassments can arise from the fact that it is not etiquette when offered port to reply "Have you got any?" An extreme case occurred at luncheon in a house perched on a steep hill with the local at the bottom. An offer of port was gratefully accepted by a guest and then there was a pause, a long pause. The company toyed with coffee cups, while conversation died a slow and agonizing death. Eventually a decanter was flung on to the table and the unwise guest was obliged to drink port-type something which had swung for a mile or so on the handlebars of the gardener's bicycle. A shrewd glance at the sideboard should have told the guest that in some social storms it is better not to seek port.

V. G. P.

Oh, That One . . .

"Billy Graham, the New York welter-weight, who unsuccessfully met Kid Gavilan twice, and was beaten in England by . . ."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch





The Decline and Fall of the Bug-Eyed Monster

THE thing that ruins *The Cherry Orchard* for me is when the nostalgic Russians start particularizing. Up to that point I've been content to sit back and sympathize with their gracious way of life which the rough modern world is preparing to sweep away. But when Gayef points to a cupboard and tells Madame Ranevsky, with awe, that it is a hundred years old the illusion is shattered. A mere hundred years. Mid-Victorian.

This attitude of mine is quite unreasonable, as I first realized on hearing a friend, an old-time Dixielander of thirty or thereabouts, react to bop. Nostalgia applies to the ten-year-old picnic and not to yesterday's seven thousand years. But it is only fairly recently that I have discovered that I too can have a Nostalgia; in fact that I have one, larger than life, though scarcely twice as natural.

Of my first kiss I have only the haziest recollection. It ensued as a forfeit at a children's party, and I was

By JOHN CHRISTOPHER

commanded to kiss the prettiest girl in the room. Baffled alike by natural shyness and the pitfalls of having to make a choice, I refused to play, and then, after much silent brooding, planted a bitter determined kiss on a girl twice my age, long after the game (whatever it was) was over. It is the embarrassment I recall, not the event.

But the first science-fiction magazine I bought is a different matter. That was a copy of *Astounding Stories*, dated September 1932, and I paid 3d. for it in Woolworth's on a wet Saturday afternoon. It was the cover that won me. At a rough guess I should say that something like 90 per cent of it was taken up with the convolutions of an octopus-like creature, executed in a delicate bottle-green. It was not bug-eyed (bug eyes, like the term itself, being a later effete importation), but it was magnificently a Monster.

We had some wonderful Monsters in

those days. The authors let fly with their imaginations and the illustrators never failed to do them more than justice. That one in "The Green Girl," for instance, which, with an altogether chilling inconsequence, had a kind of cabbage-rose in place of a head. There were the frog-men who used human beings for racing, riding jockey-like on their back and wielding electric whips. (The hero, if I recall aright, very nearly got put out to stud at one stage.) And there were the giant wasps who paralyzed space-men and contrived to keep them on ice for two or three centuries before laying eggs in their living flesh: one item in the larder was a white-bearded contemporary of Shakespeare (a recusant possibly), who had got away to an early start in a wooden space-ship. But I think my favourite was the Creature who sat athwart the planet Mars and spread his tentacles in vast straight lines from pole to pole. *Hinc illi canales*, as Schiaparelli might have said in a classical moment.

Those were the days when science-fiction was dedicated to Science, and the writers were encouraged to append long footnotes to their stories, describing how electricity worked and how spaceships ought to work. The heroes were almost always scientists and, apart from the occasional mad one with the lovely daughter, were fine upstanding American idealists to boot. I well remember the uproar when an author set up a business man against a scientist in the task of reconstructing a shattered world, and allowed the business man to come out on top. The only form of political propaganda tolerated was propaganda for Technocracy: the Rule of the Scientist. I believe it still has its adherents in the remoter parts of California.

To us it was unthinkable that science-fiction should ever falter in its liturgical devotion to Science. The notion that Mr. Edmund Crispin would one day praise it for having "re-discovered Original Sin" would have been the poorest kind of blasphemy. We were the children of Original Virtue—Rousseau, one might say, with cog-wheels.

But practically everything in mid-century science-fiction would have horrified us. Sex, for instance. In our young days a little decorous romance was the most that could be accepted,

and then without enthusiasm. I recall one author who offered us a future in which, with the perfection of extra-uterine gestation, women had been abolished. When one did, in error, slip through the controls she was put in a museum, to be gawked at not only by the male-only human race but by Venusians (large beetles) and Martians (even larger lizards) as well. The author, as far as we were concerned, was batting on a good wicket.

Nor did we have much truck with telepaths and ESP-ers. Telepathy, when it was introduced, was simply the means by which the extra-terrestrial Monsters outlined their inordinate demands, and occasionally the refuge of man's remoter descendants who, in the world of a million years hence, had grown weary of wagging their jaws. Telepathy for its own sake, as it were, was as unthinkable as sex, or literary pretension. Those were the days when the young Ray Bradbury spent his time composing bad puns for a science-fiction fan magazine.

The very names of the authors cry aloud the change. Then they had exotic sonorous names: Raymond Z. Gallun, Arthur Leo Zagat, Epaminondas T. Snooks junior. Nowadays there is a note of suburban respectability about them: Theodore Sturgeon, John Wyndham,

Arthur C. Clarke, Jonathan Burke. With such a passionate sobriety of name, is it any wonder that they model themselves on Hemingway and Henry James, and get reviewed in *The Times Literary Supplement*?

Yet even here conscience lingers and pricks. They, too, must remember the Monaters, before they got bug-eyed, before the giant strides of astronomy banished them from Mars and Venus and all the other planets on which, to-day, not even the smallest Monster could scrape a living. And John Wyndham at least has kept something of the old tradition: viewed objectively, the Triffids and the Kraken can hold their own with any.

But who could view his Monsters objectively? Who would wish to? The Triffids, the Kraken, can yield no *frisson* of horror now. The change is in us, and we must go our way into old age, making imaginary pot-shots with our imaginary ray-guns. While, out in the orchard, the science-fiction magazines topple, one by one.

Audible Sigh of Relief
"POLICE FOUND SAFE
UNDER BLANKET"
Gloucestershire Echo



Proust in Bond Street

By ANTHONY POWELL



ARRIVED, as it happened, unusually early in the morning at the Marcel Proust Commemorative Exhibition; and, at first I thought I was alone in the Wildenstein Gallery. Then, as soon as I entered the inner room, I saw him. He was standing in front of Boldini's rather unrestrained portrait in fawn and grey of Count Robert de Montesquiou, gazing at the picture with a look of mingled admiration and annoyance.

I was surprised that I recognized him so easily. His hair was white now, of course, but under the rather battered top-hat the arched eyebrows, hooked nose and prominent cheekbones, that had once reminded Swann of Bellini's Mahomet II, were curiously ageless. There could be no doubt whatever that he was Bloch.

It was evident, too, that he was impatient for someone to turn up on whom to vent his views. Almost at once he began to speak in excellent English, which he must have mastered at last after his early difficulties with that language. "If a suppliant newly-escaped from the wine-dark sea may be permitted to address a total stranger, I must remark the coincidence that brings both of us to this place at an

hour when the Mother of Morning, Rosy-fingered Dawn, has but newly laid her finger on New Bond Street (where in the past, and in the ardour of my youth, I have erstwhile sacrificed to the fair-tressed nymphs still shrouded by Stygian night) for, that you have risen betimes, must presage more than common interest in the little person to whom these altars are dedicated, in short, the young Marcel."

I concurred; at the same time asking if I had the honour to speak with Monsieur Albert Bloch. He swept his hat from his head and held out his hand: "Your very humble servant," he said, "whose humbleness is not lessened by the treatment he has received on this occasion. My heart has had its fill of weeping and my spirit is given over to the horrible Avengers."

He made a gesture with his hand towards the exhibits. Then, seeing I did not understand his meaning, he went on:

"All are here, but I. *Etiam si omnes ego non.* That was the motto of one of the noble families in the book, though I cannot at the moment remember which. But at least it is a statement appropriate to my present position. Of the author's parents, for example, there are any number of photographs; and that extraordinary oil painting of his

father in the guise of a Renaissance doctor. I believe the father was a more interesting man than you would ever guess from the novel."

"Indeed?"

"Then the Baron de Charlus—it doesn't say anything about it in the catalogue, but you may observe at least one side of him in Boldini's portrait here and those admirable caricatures by Sem."

"Particularly the one of Count Robert de Montesquiou reading his poems."

"In the room you have come from you saw Charles Swann in Tissot's big group of *Le Cercle de la Rue Royale*. It is like him, I can assure you. Some of his smart friends are there, too, by the way. He knew a lot of princes and counts, I can assure you. I, too, was a friend of the Marquis de St. Loup-en-Bray, you will remember. In these rooms you will find certain attributes of St. Loup-en-Bray, too."

"And the other Guermantes."

"Naturally, Madame Straus, Comtesse Greffulhe," said Bloch, "and the Verdurins, as well, though it would perhaps be less than charitable in me to point out where that famous host and hostess are chiefly commemorated. Some of their lineaments were perhaps taken from close friends."



"And Gilberte."

"There are some charming photographs of Mademoiselle Bernadacki, later Princesse Radziwill. She is generally agreed to have been the model for that red-haired young lady."

"And her mother?"

"Laure Haymann certainly had something of Odette. She was also the prototype of Bourget's Gladys Harvey. Here you may see a copy of that book bound in the silk of her petticoat with an inscription to Marcel warning him against such women. She was fair as Helen, wife to Atreus' son."

"No doubt in Céleste we see at least something of the maid Françoise?"

"The handmaidens, too, have their offerings. There are even photographs of all those female wearers of the high buskin whom his uncle loved."

"The actresses?"

"Yet I, former friend of the author's ingenuous boyhood, who was his companion when, with swift sandal, we paced the groves of the Paphian Aphrodite, I am left out. His waistcoat is shown, but not my hat. Look round these walls, and in these showcases, and tell me if you can see a trace of him who was once Marcel's *fidus Achates*."

"Well, look here," I said. "I quite see your point, but they couldn't cover absolutely everyone and everything. For example, there is a canvas by Le Sidaner, who is said to be the origin of Elstir, but they didn't arrange for Vinteuil's 'little phrase' to be played over and over again on the gramophone. As a matter of fact there was, musically speaking, something of the sort at the Diaghilev exhibition, so I suppose it would have been possible. You might as well say they ought to serve tea and madeleines every half-hour."

I thought it an excellent show, and did not see why Bloch should run it down, egotistically, just because he happened not to be included.

"Anyway," I said, "you might be held to be represented, one way or another, in the genre pictures by Béraud that hang on the walls."

"Between you and me," said Bloch, "Béraud is an artist I do not greatly admire, cunning though he may be to ornament the halls of kings and heroes."

"There is nothing about Cottard, if it comes to that, or Jupien."



Bloch smiled.

"Nor Albertine!" I said.

This seemed to cheer him up. "True," he said. "There is nothing about little Albertine Simonet. She, like me, is without a memorial here, Albertine worthy to be hymned by her whose father Herodotus calls Seaman-donymous."

He held out his hand in farewell. Then a thought struck him.

"Cattleyas," he said, slowly. "They should have had some cattleyas."

"I agree."

He bowed again. "Perhaps I shall buy some cattleyas," he said, still thoughtfully, "in the leafy pastures round high Olympus, to which I now wend my way."

Smack in Eye for King's Horses

"After the variety show comes half an hour of drama introduced by Robert Morley. He is the only real television personality of the evening—as urbane, wayward and outspoken as the Humpty Dumpty he reassembled."—*Evening Standard*

Big Field for Witch Hunt

By CLAUD COCKBURN

FAIRLY astounding, surely, the way some people lag behind the Times, live in the past (cloistered, you could nearly say), cannot seem to face what I always call Reality. Ex-Defence Minister Shinwell is the instance of this tendency that just now comes to mind, on account of the Plan or Scheme he has published in the public press for dealing, he thinks—may heaven help him—with Macleanism and Burgessery. (And if you think this does not matter because you think ex-Defenceman Shinwell is the silliest man in the country you are wrong. He is not—and it is about time this was recognized.)

Actually his Scheme gets off to a pretty good start, and wins confidence by being opposed to whatever Scheme ex-Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison has.

"Mr. Herbert Morrison's suggestion,"

writes Mr. Shinwell, "that a few senior Privy Councillors from each party should be selected to undertake an inquiry"—into the spy situation—"should be rejected. Ex-Cabinet Ministers are as likely to be involved as the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office or the head of M.I.5."

So far, so good. One knows only too well the type of fellow who gets to be a senior Privy Councillor, and one does not want that class of individual meddling with matters of national importance. Mr. Shinwell is right to put such people on the suspect list along with the head of M.I.5. (No use saying you don't "think" this last character, whom we will call "X," is an Egyptian spy—how do you *know*?)

In fact we are just going to get ready to use the adjective "clear-headed" about the Shinwell Plan when he suddenly disillusion us by setting forth

his own notion of how to get together a suitable group of people to keep a general eye on who has been spying for whom and why the churchwardens didn't notice they were leaving with the offertory.

"We must have," asseverates this Shinwell, "an independent body to tackle this job." And then, in a specially emphatic black type, he says:

"I should select a body made up of some business men of high standing, two eminent judges, two prominent trade union leaders, together with a representative from the Universities."

It is, as the French say, to make the blood run cold. "From the *Universities*?" Where did Maclean come from? Cambridge University. Burgess? Same shop. And if you think, or Emanuel Shinwell thinks, Oxford University is any better, let me tell you at once that thirty per cent of the so-called





Dons there are vicious opium-smokers who spend half their time on the long-distance telephone to Chou En-lai trying to get their spy-money in advance. And what of these "two eminent judges" the man Shinwell airily proposes for his committee? It is perfectly true that *some* eminent judges are not spying for anyone, but nobody knows which ones they are. In any case, many judges have a thoroughly undesirable University background which would have to be investigated. Also they are members of clubs where they associate with people who, under the pretext of playing bridge and drinking port, are really organizing spy-nets.

As for this talk of "business men of high standing," the proposal does not bear serious examination. To begin with, it contains just that element of social snobbery which, as half the leader-writers in the country have pointed out, played such a rôle in the Maclean-Burgess affair. What about business men of low standing? Why are they to be elbowed out? Are there not more of them, and do they not hold a position in our democracy which entitles them to a place on each and every committee which purports etc., etc.? Furthermore, it is a known fact that business men have twisted mentalities and—in numerous cases—vices which render them as wax in the hands of the Italian Intelligence Service.

All we have left are these "two prominent trade union leaders," and—although obscure trade union leaders could probably do the job just as well—there certainly is a case for getting them

to work on the situation, particularly at this time when, as a result of the ill-timed and provocative strictures of the Burgess-Maclean White Paper, there is so much unrest among spies. To name but one instance, far too little attention is being paid by the Foreign Office to the position of those members of its staff who for years had been spying for Perón. Although M.I.5 is, of course, familiar with their activities and recognizes the importance of the work they have been doing, they are an unassuming body of men, not at all given to "shooting a line." Asked by sensation-hungry reporters for the inside story of how the top-secret Falkland Island documents found their way from Whitehall to Buenos Aires, they are apt to look merely surprised and reply with a terse "All in the day's work, old boy." Yet their interests must be protected, and Mr. Shinwell's trade union leaders could, and should, take immediate steps to secure for them adequate pensions from the new Argentine Government, or else suitable alternative employment.

We have spoken of "unrest" among spies in our public services, and we are well aware that to use such blunt language is unpopular, disturbing as it does the complacency of the Foreign Office and M.I.5. However, at a moment when our very existence as



a nation is threatened by etc., etc., we should be failing in our duty to etc., etc. were we not to state in unequivocal terms that, as a result of the failure of M.I.5 to prevent publication of a White Paper which is regarded in Security circles everywhere as being in the worst possible taste, many spies have become uneasy, oppressed by a feeling of insecurity. Look at the man who spies for little Monaco. For years he has taken for granted that M.I.5 will maintain its fine old traditions and refrain from telling anyone else anything about it. And now he sees how, simply because some Russian in Australia mentions Burgess and Maclean and some sensational newspaper in Britain reports his statements, M.I.5 is forced to look on while the Foreign Office actually *publishes* information of



"This product has been carefully packed before leaving the factory. In the event of complaint, please return this slip . . ."

a quite incriminating character about these two men.

A few more blunders of this kind and we shall be faced with a total breakdown of the work of our principal Government Departments. Supposing a lot of the spies at the War Office and the Air Ministry suddenly get fed up with all this publicity and insecurity and go beetling off to Brussels, Bonn, Belgrade, Tokyo and Washington, reporting to their employers in those capitals that conditions in Britain have become insupportable?

And if you think the suggestion fanciful, let me tell you, as one who has been publicly named by the United States Senate as a dangerous Red agent and by Moscow Radio as a sinister organizer of the Western intelligence agencies, that spies have feelings just like other people, and very much resent a lot of newspapermen intruding on their privacy and poking their noses into their domestic concerns.

their way to Paris and which were being taken to Philadelphia by a dear old alcoholic who had asked for the weekend off to visit his aunt in Bristol.

One does very much hope that the Russians will not become infected by this modern British mania for publicity about matters which ought to be left strictly to the discretion of the Security people. The Russian Security chaps are, one may assume, very well aware of the identity of those members of the Soviet Foreign Office who are spying for the British and for the Americans. They have watched them ever since, at the University of Bashibazouk, these restless youths found in the doctrines of Hoover and Baldwin what they believed to be the ideological answer to the questions which perturbed the minds of Soviet undergraduates in the frustrated and often cynical 1920s. They have seen them posting secret document after secret document to London and/or Washington. But—so far at least—they have maintained the Security Tradition, realizing that secrecy is a great deal more important than service. It will be a terrible blow if the clamour of irresponsible journalists ever compels them to issue a Red Paper hinting at facts which everyone except the damfool public realizes should be kept under cover until the sounding of the Last Trump, upon which signal the files are to be burned.

All the same, and recognizing as I do the need for discretion, I cannot help feeling rather sorry that nobody mentioned to me at the time that Burgess was some kind of spy, because I feel that if I had known that I should have found him more interesting. Ignorant as I was of this fact, I used to get quite ratty when he—working at the period for the Ministry of Information or the B.B.C. or some other spy-net of the kind—used to rush up to me in the Press Bar of the House of Commons and denounce me as a "doctrinaire Marxist." I can see now, of course, that the fellow was only doing his job.

6 6

Ted, for Instance?

"It is understood to-day that Professor Powell, who this morning addressed the physics section on comic rays, has been invited to Moscow by the Soviet Academy of Sciences, and that he will go there in the autumn."—*Manchester Guardian*

In Black and White

By A. B. HUGHES

No one gets far in his investigation of those sectional and racial disorders which the South Africans suffer with all the complacent sortitude of the confirmed hypochondriac until he realizes that the Union of South Africa has semantics trouble in the biggest possible way. The language of political and racial controversy here shifts and slides in a manner that recalls Alice's game of croquet.

For instance, you will find that the simple Dutch word *volk* (people) has two distinct meanings, depending on the context. Strictly speaking, it means all the (white) men, women and children of South Africa. But it is far commoner to hear it used, restrictively, to mean the Afrikaans-speaking supporters of the present Nationalist Government. Only a knowledge of the speaker's politics will tell you which meaning he intends. *Volkies*, on the other hand, are not, as you might reasonably guess, young white children. *Volkies* are your black farm servants—a text-book example of the affectionate (or contemptuous) diminutive.

But, you may object, these are only the normal difficulties of translation. Very well, let us stick to purely English terminology. An Asiatic means an Indian and no nonsense. The few remaining Chinese on the Rand have a special status. A Japanese visitor is a European. White Americans are Europeans, but a Red Indian, with unconscious logic, would be classed as non-European. (I once knew a Sioux Indian working near Cape Town and he was legally a Cape Coloured man.) Our Malays are Coloured men and not Asiatics. Lebanese, Syrians and Egyptians, on the other hand, are Europeans. A Jamaican, if he could get here, would probably be a Native or possibly Cape Coloured. For the limited purposes of a brief visit the Negroes from an American warship were Cape Coloured. Well, you wouldn't call them Europeans, or would you? Mrs. Paul Robeson, on her much longer visit a few years ago, was a kind of honorary Bantu. After all, in a country like this you have to make rough-and-ready decisions. Asked for a snap judgment, I would make a

touring Filipino an Asiatic, unless he was staying at one of the best hotels.

Of course, shades of colour are difficult, but even in the comparatively straightforward matter of our ten million or so obviously black people we have managed to produce a magnificent terminological muddle. Most people call them Natives (capital N, or not, to taste), but their own leaders and intellectuals call themselves Africans, and that term is slowly gaining ground, except in the Afrikaans press, which cannot possibly concur, since the Afrikaans for African is *Afrikaner* and that means a European. Professors and such-like, frantically grasping at the vanishing skirts of logic, call our black people "Bantu," to distinguish them from West Africans, who would be called Natives by the ordinary South African.

By this time you will take quite calmly the information that South Africa has a class of people known as "foreign Natives," that is to say, African immigrants from outside the Union.

This is probably the only country in the world with foreign Natives, but officialdom, instead of being proud of the distinction, shows signs of vague disquiet and is trying to substitute the phrase "ex-Union Native." This, if it means anything at all, should mean an African who was living in the Union but is no longer. Instead, as I have explained, it means the exact opposite.

Having got that straight, it is easy enough to understand why the black man you will find working five thousand feet below the surface in a gold mine is not a miner, but the white man alongside him is.

"'Finding time' is not so difficult as some *Star* readers seem to imagine.

I have two small children and for a year I did a full-time job, cooked for four, did all the washing and the home decorating, knitted for the family, kept the garden tidy, read books and watched TV.

But, after having a nervous breakdown a year ago . . ."—*Star*

Ah . . .



Beyond These Voices

By H. F. ELLIS

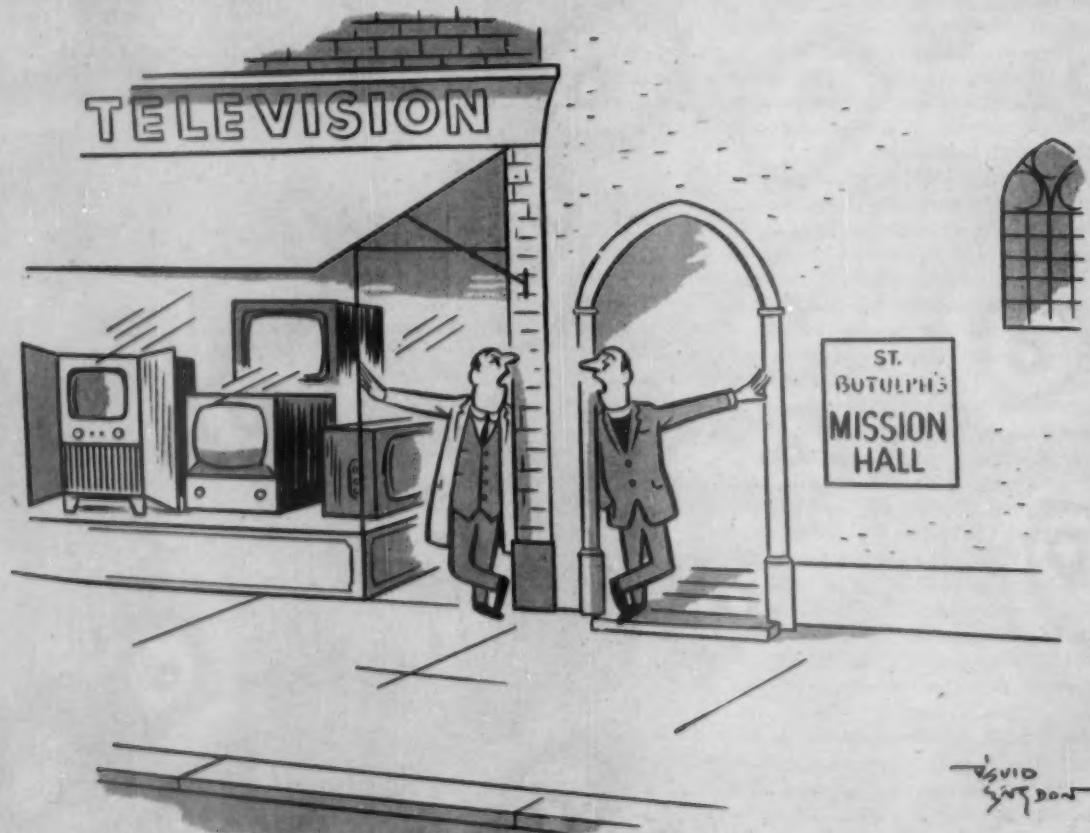
GENERALS from the earliest times have taken the opportunity to say a few words. It was almost unthinkable, in the heyday of Rome, that a battle should begin without a suitable exhortation on either side. "With our wives and children behind us," Vercingetorix would begin in his slipshod Gallic way, "and fighting as we shall be in our own land amid familiar scenes, how can we fail to gain the victory against this ill-assorted bunch of Romans, far from home, bewildered and terrified by a strange terrain and an inhospitable sky?" Meanwhile, on the other side of the river, Cæsar would be putting heart into his own men (*sus*) with a few well-chosen ablative absolutes and a sparkling pluperfect subjunctive to clinch the argument. "The opportunity so long sought," he used to say, "lies at

last within our grasp. The enemy, whom you have already many times put to flight, having been enticed into a confined space, so that they may not know in the heat of battle whether they are coming or going, and our cavalry having been sent forward on either wing, the issue is already decided. If you were confronted by an unknown foe . . . disorderly rabble . . . hearths and homes . . . would have been about to be meet to be put to death . . . glory and valour in the dative." Which things when he had said them, the cunning old fox threw two cohorts across the river.

These remarks (and many similar exhortations I could quote, if desired, from Scipio Africanus, Domitius Ahenobarbus, Agricola, Ariovistus, Jugurtha and Cassivelaunus—not to mention Nicias, Aristeides, Alexander the Great,

Henry V and, with any luck, Jenghiz Khan) were addressed to the troops. The audience was select. The address was intended to be private—and might, in many cases, have remained so, but for incorrigible eavesdroppers like Livy and Shakespeare. Of recent years there has been a change. Generals are still talking, but not to the troops. What they have to say is anything but private.

The change is not, one suspects, welcomed with much warmth by military men. Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, after receiving the news of his appointment as Governor of Cyprus, might well have preferred to be left alone to collect his thoughts and pack his boots. But newspapermen instantly cornered him at the C.-in-C.'s camp at Bückeburg and demanded to know how he proposed to conduct himself. He replied, in a phrase that would have



"Many conversions this week?"

done credit to Jugurtha, that he would approach his new problems with an open mind. That was on September 26. They were at him again as soon as he returned from Germany to England. On October 2 he addressed the country in a television broadcast, affirming his intention to "establish and maintain law and order" and to "get ahead with schemes for meeting social and economic conditions, and to be prepared at any time to discuss constitutional developments towards self-government." Then he flew, with some relief, to Cyprus—only to be greeted by a horde of reporters at Government House, who perhaps had not quite caught what he said in his earlier statements. The Field-Marshal had by now got into the swing of it. "Cards on the table," he said (an obvious ablative absolute) and "man to man." He is also likely, unless high-ranking officers have changed greatly since the last war, to have made use of the expressions "in good heart," "not on my plate" and "putting oneself in the picture." Vercingetorix, meanwhile, in the person of Archbishop Makarios, was busy preparing his side for the contest—notably by way of a couple of columns in *Le Monde* on September 29, a device never dreamed of by the ancient Gallic chieftain.

The preliminaries were now over. All these things having been said on both sides, messengers were sent forward to arrange a parley.

One hardly knows whether to deplore the fact that generals (and archbishops for that matter) are nowadays constantly called upon publicly to declare their aims, intentions and methods before undertaking any kind of task, or to regret that the old heroes were denied the opportunities afforded by the press and television. History has lost much through Hannibal's failure to hold a Press Conference before he left Spain to invade Italy ("Asked whether he thought of taking elephants, the General replied that this was a matter upon which a decision would be arrived at in due course"). It would be pleasant to have a recording of Regulus's broadcast (Sunday evening, 9.15) on the reasons that had decided him to return to certain death in Carthage, rather than attempt to persuade the Senate to accept the Carthaginian peace terms: "My ears having been cut off, I expect to be put to death with excruciating torments.



"Do you hear me bellyaching in the wintertime, when my neck is cold?"

Do not, however, citizens of Rome, allow considerations of this kind to deflect you from your duty or spoil your enjoyment of the torturing of Carthaginian prisoners which, I am asked to say, will be on the air, with sound effects, shortly after my own demise. And now for a brief description of the climate and principal geographical features of Carthage as a soldier sees them . . ." One would also have liked to hear Fabius Cunctator explaining his policy of doing nothing at all, whenever possible, to a pack of reporters screaming for headline news: "KEEP OUT OF ENEMY'S WAY, SAYS NEW C.-IN-C."

Top of the programme, though, I should be inclined to put the grilling of the Second Triumvirate by the William Clarks and Percy Cudlippes of their day—preferably on TV.

Q : I see. And how exactly do you think this division of the world between you three will work out in practice?

ANTONY: Well, of course, I—

OCTAVIAN: Speaking for myself—

LEPIDUS: Er—

Q : One at a time, please. M. *Æmilius Lepidus*?

LEPIDUS: Oh lord! Why pick on me? I mean, I've only got Africa.

OCTAVIAN: The arrangement is a temporary one. Our aims are to establish law and order; to get ahead with schemes for meeting social and economic conditions; and to be prepared at any time to discuss constitutional developments.

Q : Thank you. That's very interesting and clear. Would any of you care to comment on the reasons that make you suppose your Second Triumvirate will turn out more successful than the First? *Æmilius*?

LEPIDUS: Not me. No. I told Octavian. "Octavian," I said—

ANTONY: There was muddle and mismanagement. Pompey was an ass. We have all learned a lot since those days.

Q : I see. Now, Marcus—may I call you Marcus?—about Cleopatra. Perhaps you would just tell viewers . . .

I dare say, however, that there, or thereabouts, would be a natural break for ads.



"Looks as if it's been another good year."

Nibble Round the Clock

THIS is the time of year when the features editors become concerned about our health, when we are told how and what to eat in order to survive the winter, and I am horrified to read (everywhere) that frequent snacks are just what the doctors now order. "Eat little," they say, "and often." I was probably the man who made Mussolini jealous of British gastronomic indulgence. I like my four square meals a day and I despise snacks, but I cannot pretend that the current wave of medico-newspaper advice leaves me untroubled. The figures are against me, and I belong to a declining minority. The Press, it seems, is preaching to the converted, to people who prefer to nibble steadily throughout the day rather than tax their digestive systems with substantial mounds of fuel.

The facts are these. Annual production of biscuits in Britain is now equivalent to about half a hundred-weight per family. Since 1950 the output has increased from 340,000 tons to 470,000 tons, and with the adoption of more efficient making, baking and packing machinery the biscuit turnover is expected to increase. We are eating fewer cakes, it is true, but the manufacturers are doing very nicely and budgeting for expanding exports and prosperity.

We eat biscuits out of habit—the early morning cuppa, elevenses and afternoon tea are institutions peculiar to Britain—and also because they are among the few comestibles for which we have a natural creative gift. For some reason (it escapes me at the moment) British wheat is ideal for biscuit-making, and for generations the ladies of Leamington, Bath and Cheltenham have nibbled with elegance and total satisfaction. Now they have been joined by the millions who nibble in the TV gloaming, in coffee bars, tea bars and Whitehall.

We eat biscuits also because they are cheap. Since 1939 they have gone up by only 60 per cent compared with sugar's 200 per cent and flour's 300 per cent, and they are now offered for sale much more attractively and hygienically. More than half the total output is now sold "pre-packaged" instead of from the familiar cubic—but unstandardized—biscuit tin, and the market for wrapped



a picture of health.

Investors inclined to nibble may find the shares of Associated Biscuit (Huntley

Tidying Up and Settling Down

HOW mauve it all is: buttons of small Michaelmas daisies tied to a broom handle are staked against the wall; blowsy chrysanthemums, like a prima donna's powder puff, some purple, some brown, lolling over the last of the cyclamen. Modest edges of stocks define the cottage gardens, and the Vicarage is proud with asters. The hedges conform with a stray waggoner, while the beech sheds magenta over a purple floor.

How tidy it is. The fields shorn and raked, bare except for their stubble, with all the toys of harvest put away, looking like a nursery when the children are at school. The hedges cut back and trimmed wait for the barrenness of winter, and in the yard the neat stacks stand, with all the affluence of June, tied into one October parcel.

How quiet it is, now the chattering mower is still, and the windmill arms of the binder are folded away. In summer there are boisterous voices calling from a distance, the impatient hoot of the buses, and the bullying roar of the traffic, but now even the dogs are silent, and the season wears slippers, shuffling through leaves. Into



biscuits, which cost on the average about 2d. a pound more than loose biscuits, is growing rapidly. Manufacturers compete fiercely to get their goods into the domestic biscuit barrel—the success of the old brigade, the household names, having attracted numerous newcomers to the trade. Most of the shoddy producers who burgeoned and grew fat during the period of controls have now been driven out of business, and the current line-up of competitors is

and Palmers and Peek, Frean), United Biscuits (Macfarlane Lang, S. Henderson and Sons and McVitie and Price), William MacDonald (makers of the popular "Penguin" bar so persuasively boosted on the television screens), Allied Bakeries (Weston and others), Scribbans-Kemp, Carr and Jacob worthy of consideration. Associated B., Carr and Scribbans-Kemp are firmly entrenched and strongly fancied; Jacob, Allied Bakeries and United B. are not too generous in yield but have excellent growth prospects; MacDonald, yielding just over 5 per cent and on the up and up, is proving a favourite in its first year of public life.

And Cadbury (which has just delighted the housewife by reducing prices) remains Cadbury. MAMMON

the long grass the apple quietly falls. The dumb smoke rises slowly again from the chimneys, and the only sound is the groan of timber as the iron wedge widens the split in the trunk, and the hysterical scream is heard from the ruthless circular saw.

How damp it is. Beads of moisture on the milk churns, buckets clammy and empty sacks heavy, sodden with dew. The cows come in of a morning with diamonds on their tails. They stand patiently while the milkman tries to start the motor, drying the magento leads with his handkerchief, or rubbing the distributor optimistically on his damp corduroy coat. And over the valley a mist lies like an old woman's shawl.

How beautiful is autumn. Terrifying in its quietness, cruel in its gentleness, hideous in its softness. Its insidious nostalgia is more frightening than an earthquake, more damaging than a typhoon. I would rather have all the church spires fall than hear the melancholy sound of these bells, coming over the hill. What they remind me of I have forgotten. Memory is a crop best left unharvested.

RONALD DUNCAN

CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

Man and Wife

Marcel and Elise. Marcel Jouhandeau. Longmans, 12/6

THE series of books of which this volume is a kind of epitome are well known in France, but in this country only a few people have heard of them. Something, therefore, must be said of the author and the unusual place his work holds in contemporary literature. To begin with, M. Jouhandeau's art is peculiarly French in at least two of its aspects: the first, its utterly ruthless and unselfconscious approach to relations between the sexes; the second, its presentation of the author's own emotional life in an almost documentary manner.

I have often wondered why the same sort of approach appears to be impossible in English writing. The reason usually alleged is, of course, Anglo-Saxon prudery and puritanism, but I think the cause lies much deeper than that. There are plenty of writers prepared to cut such knots like a knife going through butter. The truth lies somewhere deep in the fibre of the two countries, and the nature of the individuals that have to be described.

Although perhaps not precisely a "straight" account of scenes from the daily life of Monsieur and Madame Jouhandeau, the book is not far removed from this. The Christian names are the same and the general circumstances of the married couple are almost identical with those of the author and his wife. The most extraordinary feature of the narrative is the fact that it deals with a couple in so many ways so exceptional, and yet the final result has, one cannot help feeling, so much in common with any marriage, however humdrum.

Jouhandeau was born in 1888, the son of a butcher in a small town in the neighbourhood of Limoges. After various ups and downs he became a schoolmaster. In 1929 he married his wife, Elise, a well-known dancer and choreographer, whose professional name

was Caryathis. She had created ballets by Poulenc, Auric, Ravel and Satie. Jouhandeau and his wife were brought together by Marie Laurencin, the painter; and in an odd way, although the material is in many ways so far removed, this book recalls—so strong is the *zeitgeist*—something of that Apollinaire-Diaghilev world.

Marcel, in the chronicle, is presented as a man with a temperament and temptations that make it very surprising to find him married at all; while Elise is



a kind of monster of egotism and eccentricity, rendered almost worse by being in some ways more house-proud and conventional than the most commonplace suburban shrew. It has been wittily said that André Gide's marriage demonstrates the Protestant form of an uncomfortable matrimonial situation similarly described by Jouhandeau as a Catholic.

"Elise is not distressed by the sight of me in rags. On the contrary, she allows it. 'Since I love you,' she says, 'what do clothes matter? In my eyes you are always naked and always the most handsome of men.'"

We are shown poor Marcel persecuted in every possible way. The

house is turned upside down. His desk is moved. Frightful people come to stay. Appalling servants are engaged. Meals are hopelessly late or not served at all. His money is spent. He finds after the wedding that his wife is loaded with debt.

"'You've been tricked,' Elise said to me. 'You thought you were marrying Passion, and I Reason.'"

Yet with all that each has to put up with, there is much good too. What is the nature of this good? To find out that M. Jouhandeau devotes most of his skill. It is a great tribute to his writing that he does not, in the end, come out with some hopelessly banal explanation that there is so much bad in the best of us, or something of that sort.

"When I think of her, I feel that married love has nothing to do with sympathy, with sensuality, with passion, with friendship, or with love. It alone is adequate to itself and cannot be reduced to one or another of these different feelings. It has its own nature, its particular essence, and its unique mode which depends on the couple that it brings together."

Mr. Martin Turnell has excellently translated this very extraordinary book in a manner that never jars. He also provides an introduction that says something of the author. *Marcel and Elise* is not for those who are squeamish about learning what people are like. Others will enjoy it greatly.

ANTHONY POWELL

Comedy and Melodrama

A Perfect Woman. L. P. Hartley. Hamish Hamilton, 12/6

The Go-Between was an admirable novel, perhaps Mr. Hartley's best, and his new book suffers by comparison. It is a neatly contrived comedy of marital infidelity: Isabel, the heroine, is married to a dull chartered accountant in a south-coast town; she has pretensions to "culture," and falls heavily for a second-rate novelist whom her husband brings to the house. A train

of complicated intrigue is thereby set in motion, culminating melodramatically in a double murder.

Mr. Hartley is an excellent writer, but he is at his best with children and adolescents, and when he deserts this familiar terrain he is apt to go astray. In *A Perfect Woman* the situations are often implausible, and character is largely subordinated to plot: Goodrich, the novelist, is a figment, and Isabel, though more successfully realized, is a stock type (Madame Bovary, one feels, has raised her ugly head once too often). The writing is sometimes less graceful than one expects from Mr. Hartley; but *A Perfect Woman* is well worth reading, if only for its savage and quite unexpected dénouement.

J. B.

Dates and Parties. Christopher Sykes. *Collins*, 10/6

This novel about politics and highish society in the Munich period is rather a muddle. It takes too long to get the characters sorted out and the story, what there is of it, jolts about so that the scenes seem to have stage-waits between them. The political stuff, though it surely must be authentic, is oddly naive and improbable. What keeps one reading is first the memory of the author's other books, which makes it possible that there will be something worth waiting for, and secondly an occasional passage of dialogue which is witty, gay and purposive.

Perhaps the subject really needed either a pregnant short story or a long, leisurely novel. One feels that a Stephen McKenna has been compressed and instead of everything becoming economical and sharp, the result is confusion between essentials that have been cut and incidentals that have been kept. However, the entertaining bits are so entertaining that the politics suffer by comparison; Mr. Sykes does not establish firmly enough and soon enough that the political theme is to be primary.

R. G. G. P.

Four Plays for Pacifists. Terence Greenidge. *Strickland Press, Glasgow*, 5/-

Each of these plays has been performed at small and special theatres in London. In a preface Guy Aldred commends them to a wider audience because the author "has addressed himself not merely to entertainment but also to life, thought and struggle." He considers that *The Wrench* has "great film possibilities."

Imagination boggles at the thought of what some film studios might make of this astrological comedy of a debagged undergraduate who becomes England's highest paid journalist. Indisputable is Mr. Greenidge's versatility as a mixer of comedy with catharsis, sentiment with fantasy. There are dramatic moments in *The King of the Wastelands*. He makes himself dictator in 1956, but is shaken by a mystical adventure with a vicar. Alas! the curtain descends without our knowing

whether he has been "changed" for the better, or the worse, or not. For TV viewers there is surely a winner in that macabre one-act drama, *The Mad Clergyman*. Admittedly it might evoke rueful perplexity and a protest from a high quarter in due season.

T. C. B.

The Guardians. J. I. M. Stewart. *Gollancz*, 12/6

Like *Mark Lambert's Supper*, *The Guardians* deals with a dead writer's unpublished work, this time as the focus of conflicts among scholars and heirs rather than as a literary problem. Mr. Stewart is rightly anxious to develop beyond the detective stories he writes as "Michael Innes," and his direction is generally towards a clarified and even dilute James. However, this novel is basically, especially in its final twist, nearer to an Angus Wilson short story. It does not succeed as well as its predecessor in being both entertaining and enlightening, but it is worth reading for more than its incidental delights, which Mr. Stewart has rationed severely.

Only occasionally does he begin to fantasize horror, architecture or humour, though he obviously found it hard to tear himself away from the field-path fanatic's walk through a newly-built-up area. Mr. Stewart's picture of mental and physical seediness in the academic world must be assumed to be authentic, though like other dons he makes the Universities in his novels seem improbable.

R. G. G. P.

America at Mid-Century. André Siegfried. *Cape*, 16/-

Here is presented a country where a pedestrian is regarded with suspicion, where the political pronouncements of small children are heard with respect and where too few people enjoying too large a share of Earth's best things and having through hard work and good fortune

unexpectedly become a world-power, cannot refrain from handing forth moralizations to their neighbours. Moreover in the process of making haste they have smothered taste beneath luxury and free thought beneath mass-produced opinion.

That America is bigger and better than this does eventually become evident, for beyond a certain ant-hill quality of dreary conformity the writer has discovered an inherent impulse of generosity and that forthcoming friendliness that Englishmen find attractive.

Undeniably in trying to compress the story of world and home politics, racial dilemmas, industrial technique and the effects of the great depression into a single volume M. Siegfried is floundering a little and, incidentally, setting his translator no easy task. Most interestingly he finds that the intimate contacts of television are bringing back emotional reality into the American world of public debate.

C. C. P.

The Oxford Companion to Music (9th Edition). Percy A. Scholes. *Geoffrey Cumberlege, for Oxford University Press*, 63/-

Dr. Scholes has brought his work up to date by addition of new material and by distributing the content of some sixty pages of appendices into its proper place in the book. It becomes thereby a better companion than ever, though no nearer to being an encyclopaedia, the style being popular rather than scholarly, the information as often curious as useful—and anything but exhaustive—and Dr. Scholes's personality lying thick on every page.

In this edition there are twelve columns (instead of eleven) on the National Anthem, ten (instead of eight) on Jazz, and just under two on Schubert. Schönberg's formerly-unexplained "uncompromising individuality" is now illuminated by a new article (under *Note-row*), but Dr. Scholes persists in regarding Bartók, with his "strong feeling for tonality" (Moreux) as a dodecaphonist and Hindemith as an "atonalist," if to-day a lapsed one. The book will not, in fact, serve as a standard work of reference; it is more like a collection of articles from the *Radio Times*; and while every musician should have a copy for its many delights, he should stay within reach of Grove.

B. A. Y.



"I see you've had your TV set adapted, Mrs. Wilkins."

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AT THE PLAY

The Sun of York
(ROYAL COURT)



THE movement to prove Richard Crookback a good kind man done down by wicked plotters and maligned by history gains fresh support in *The Sun of York*, by O. and I. WIGRAM. Some people appear able to feel as genuine an indignation at the thought of such a wrong as they would if the reputation of a dear old friend was being

assailed by libel. To me, I confess, it seems that one could very easily go mad torturing oneself over the strength of the evidence for the poor figure cut by John or Ethelred or any of the other poor scorers on the royal list. After all, where is one to stop? For all we know Ptolemy IV may have had an unfair press.

But whether it matters or not, there is a certain logic in the argument put forward in this play that the murder of the little princes would have been the last thing Richard could have wished. Edward's illegitimacy had been accepted, if not established, making Richard the next heir to the throne; by killing Edward, and thus suggesting he was a danger, Richard would only have thrown doubt on his own claims. For the modern Dickonite history is conveniently vague about what happened, but the usual story is that years later Sir James Tyrrel confessed to the crime, and that his confession was corroborated not only by the testimony of one of his servants but by the seventeenth-century discovery of two likely skeletons. Not at all, say these authors. The princes escaped from the Tower, and were whisked away to France (whence a survivor may or may not have returned as Perkin Warbeck), the whole thing being engineered by Bishop Morton so that Henry Tudor could marry their sister with the field cleared. Although not proven, it is a possible theory.

Anyone with a bucket of whitewash looking round for a needy cause might well get busy on behalf of poor Morton. The conventional records suggest he was a trimmer, and probably lukewarm about diocesan welfare, but *The Sun of York* unloads on his unfortunate memory every evil commonly ascribed to Richard. He is the villain of the piece, an ambitious spider, while Richard becomes a monument of integrity. Unhappily neither is made to live. That Richard is clever as well as amiable LESLIE FRENCH persuades us, but the general who beat the Scots and cut his way to the throne is missing; and VALENTINE DYALL's Morton looks and sounds splendid without assuming any definite character. Written in rather flowery English, the play plots its argument neatly enough until it begins to be bogged at the end of the second act, and then loses force altogether in a lush death-scene and a long eyewitness account of the butchery at Bosworth. As Richard's mother WINIFRED EVANS has to protest too much, and an Elizabeth Woodville SHEILA MORIARTY has to be almost a heraldic dragon. The only character who arouses interest is Jane Shore, made credibly the court pin-up girl by GABRIELLE BRUNE.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Waiting for Godot (Criterion—10/8/55), an oddity full of crazy wisdom. *Dead on*



King Richard III—LESLIE FRENCH

Ronald Searle



[*The Sun of York*
Morton, Bishop of Ely—VALENTINE DYALL]

Nine (Westminster—7/9/55), good going for crime addicts. *Sailor Beware* (Strand—23/2/55), pierhead comedy made human.

ERIC KEOWN

At the DUKE OF YORK'S:
The Punch Revue, with BINNIE
HALE, produced by VIDA HOPE.

AT THE DRESS SHOW

Incorporated Society of London
Fashion Designers:
Autumn-Winter Collections

EVERY autumn afternoon at three o'clock the collections of the London *haute couture* designers are shown in their salons. These are the collections which were first shown in July to the Press and overseas buyers; it is only the spectators who are different. The spectators now consist of those most worthy to be wooed, those who, it is hoped, will order copies of the models for themselves; in fact, the private clients, the customers.

By attending the customers' shows the critic begins to get an inkling of what the *couturier* is up against; and from what is seen and heard much clarifying light is shed upon the dull patches in the collections. It would not be fair to say that, from the point of view of a successful consummation of the *couturier's* art, the customer is always wrong; but it is clear that the customer who is either an inspiration to the designer, or an inspired interpreter of his clothes, is a *rara avis*. Rare feathers make rare birds, but since the Englishwoman as a species is temperamentally of the rookery rather than the aviary, it is no good offering her exotic plumage. She is likely to ask for it to be copied in black, or to have the neckline filled in, or the fitting "eased."

If, therefore, the London collections seem somewhat pedestrian after those of Paris, it is largely because the customers (who come, it must not be forgotten, as much from the provinces as London) are on the whole very different from the cosmopolitan customers of the Paris houses. The Englishwoman tends to pick out those clothes which she feels will suit her and make her look attractive, not those which are strikingly modish and would alter her whole appearance: "It's quite marvellous, but it isn't *me*" is said in the salons as well as in the department stores; and the *couturier* must perform design his collections with this *me* in mind. He is also aware that, since *me's* one essential attribute is wealth, or a wealthy husband, her most frequently missing attribute is youth. The London dress houses, having no state subsidy and no support from the fabric manufacturers (both of which the Parisian houses have) are financially unable to present extravagant models which will be more written about than bought.

One of *me's* most successful designers is Hardy Amies. By making the classic

suit his never-failing strong suit; by introducing the "jumper line" when the jumper is already an old friend of two seasons; by embracing the princess bodice just as Paris has jilted it, he is delivering the goods. And very good goods too. Like those of Digby Morton, they not only find great favour in this country but also in the United States, and this is chiefly because they have an unmistakably English flavour and quality.

This cannot be said of the Worth collection. Although the designer is British, this house is in close alliance with that of Paquin, the two collections being shown together, inextricably mixed up. Models appear which could only be named *Chérie* and *Mon Amie*, and what's more are. The *Daily Express* recently called in a loud headline for more sex in English clothes. The writer of this cannot, surely, have seen the Worth collection with its roses of rapture stuck on here, there, and *au derrière*; nor surely can she have seen the cocktail confection which was Michael Sherard's contribution to the Wool Secretariat's international dress show in London? This example of Sherard's "Flamenco Line," an embroidered affair of grey wool lace, of sinuous lines and insinuatory curves, worn with an osprey hat, was all that headlines demanded and more.

But that is not what we want in English clothes. What we want is being produced by Ronald Paterson. Paterson is not afraid to acknowledge the lines of Paris while giving them an individual Paterson interpretation, and his spirited collection has a spontaneous freshness and eagerness. The jaded observer is reminded that, after all, *haute couture* can be a living art, a reminder also received at John Cavanagh's. For here, too, is refreshment: seven-eighths fitted redingotes, two-tiered silhouettes, moulded dresses without belt or buckle, unbroken lines from bosom to hem; uncompromising style, non-conforming distinction.

These two then, and also Victor Stiebel. For Stiebel throws an illusion of nostalgic romance over all he touches, all he tailors, all he drapes, folds, moulds, seams, pleats, tucks and embroiders. And because in our unconfessed hearts we prefer this gentle charm to the hard bare bones of elegance, we also need Michael who rates elegance far above charm. Michael is good for us; and good for the prestige of London's *haute couture*.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

AT THE PICTURES



Summer Madness
Touch and Go

IT seems almost pointless to begin by saying that I thought *Summer Madness* (Director: DAVID LEAN) very good indeed, for hardly anybody finds a word to say against it; but one has to begin somehow. The difficulty is to decide which of its excellent qualities to mention first.

SHERIFFS



[Summer Madness]

Jane Hudson—KATHARINE HEPBURN

One thing that impressed me very much was its extraordinary effectiveness in making one feel the atmosphere or mood of certain situations. The story, as most people who read about films at all must be aware, concerns a lonely and no longer young American woman who—on her first holiday in Europe—meets a middle-aged but personable Italian in Venice and has an idyllic affair with him, which she strong-mindedly cuts short in spite of his pleading and her realization that she has, as the synopsis puts it, "found herself as a woman." He is married, and she has the sense to know that it wouldn't work. The "idyll" is perhaps conventional enough, though the protagonists have more character than usual; what is so beautifully done is the conveying of her feelings about it.

This, of course, is a matter of collaboration between the actress (KATHARINE HEPBURN) and the director. I think it is quite certain that Miss HEPBURN has never done anything better than this, and I'm not sure that Mr. LEAN has, *Brief Encounter* or no *Brief Encounter*. From the first scenes of her eager arrival in Venice and her anxious pursuit of the porter through the heedless crowds at

The address of the studio opened by Sir Richard Rees, referred to in last week's art criticism, is No. 15 Addison Crescent, W.14.

the station, the state of mind of the unwilling solitary is perfectly suggested. The sudden impact of loneliness as she sits on her bed at the *pensione*, the empty feeling as she sadly shuffles to the window to look out at the sleeping city during the time of siesta (and the silence of the siesta-hour seems to be increased by the skilful sprinkling of tiny sounds)—such almost indefinable atmospheric effects as these are conveyed brilliantly.

Similarly her meeting and the progress of her affair with the man (ROSSANO BRAZZI)—clever quiet performance are given an extra dimension, a note of emotional authenticity that films seldom achieve. Add to this the consistent attractiveness of the visuals, the admirable use of colour in the presentation of the beautiful scene (camera: JACK HILDYARD), and the excellence of the small-part people and the director's handling of them, and you have a picture impressively well equipped to please.

Touch and Go (Director: MICHAEL TRUMAN) is a simple enough domestic comedy most of whose effects depend on recognition, but this too is a remarkably pleasing piece in its much more obvious way. Here we have JACK HAWKINS as a paterfamilias whose exasperation with his pompous and hidebound employer leads him to throw up his job and decide to emigrate with his family to Australia; the film shows the way he and his family deal with the resulting problems, which are complicated by his pretty daughter's falling in love with a young man just before they are due to go. The domestic and suburban (well, Chelsea) humours are mostly trifling and often basically familiar, but they are done very well. Plenty of the comedy depends on a device that Chekhov liked to use, the disconnected conversation in which each speaker oblivious sticks to his own subject, and the skilful direction of some of these miscellaneously talkative scenes makes them extremely funny.

It is a holiday from the Services for Mr. HAWKINS, and he seems to be revelling in his bursts of comic bad temper. There is no depth in the film, but it is entertaining and enjoyable—at least for an English audience that enjoys being reminded of people, situations and things within its own experience.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

As a general recommendation for nearly anybody I would still pick *French Cancan* (7/9/55) of the London shows. Others at the top of the list are *Rififi* (13/7/55), the gripping French crime film with the classic suspense sequence, and *Blackboard Jungle* (28/9/55). Lighter entertainment: *My Sister Eileen* (5/10/55) and *Pete Kelly's Blues* (5/10/55).

Releases include *East of Eden* (20/7/55), in which the ill-fated JAMES DEAN is impressive, and *The Kentuckian* (28/9/55), a pleasant Western-style period piece.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

The Captive Audience

MOST of the weaknesses of British television stem from the fact that not enough of those who direct and produce it really believe in it. The B.B.C.'s Television Centre and I.T.A.'s Television House seem to be full of people afflicted with a sense of unworthiness, whose mission in life has taken a wrong turning. They are not necessarily cynical about their jobs—as certain advertising agents and estate agents are cynical—but they are perpetually haggard, ridden by doubt and the fear of blind alleys.

This attitude is an occupational risk, something understandable and to some extent excusable. The new medium, by its very nature, is discouraging. Three-dimensional arts are reduced to flickering two-dimensional dots on minute screens which can be blacked out or illuminated at the flick of a finger. The audience is unpredictable, unheard and unseen. The performance, once it has been transmitted, is lost for ever, chased into oblivion by an endless stream of fugitive programmes.

It is fatally easy then to regard TV as a shadowy substitute for the real thing, for the theatre, the cinema, the music-hall, the parlour and the great outdoors. And it is not easy to believe that TV is capable of achieving success off its own bat—an independence of purpose, of dignity and aesthetic appeal.

One manifestation of this lack of confidence in the medium is the current enthusiasm for excerpts, excerpts from London's theatrical ventures, revues and



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LUCILLE BALL

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JACK WEBB

films; and another is a revival of that old humbug the studio audience. Excerpts, I am told, are extremely popular with viewers. But which viewers? If Listener Research proclaims that an echoing, stagy slice of some fifth-rate West End comedy pleases more viewers than a good studio play (*Kathleen*, for example), then Listener Research is a hazz.

At its best television drama is unbeatable, providing the nearest thing in entertainment to the joy of private communion with a good book. Consider its advantages. There is no distraction, no audience to cackle in the wrong places. There is no obvious artificiality, no stage, no props, no visible source of light or background music. The actors play to one person, instead of to the "gods," the pit and the orchestra stalls, and they speak their lines naturally without theatrical projection. Every performance

is a "first night," so that enjoyment is never marred by preconceived notions, by associated undertones of publicity, gossip or Press criticism. I am convinced, after ten years of steady viewing (and countless disappointments), that successful TV drama can offer more rewarding experience than any other visual art.

Excerpts fail not only because they are inadequate in themselves but because they throw away all the advantages of television drama.

"Ah," says the critic, "but Shakespeare wrote for the stage, not for the TV screen"—which is like saying that the magic of Vivaldi and Bach cannot be interpreted by the modern orchestra. Last week the B.B.C. gave us part two of

The Merry Wives of Windsor

straight from the stage of the Stratford Memorial Theatre. The cameras wandered across the footlights, over the boards and into the wings, the microphones swung in pursuit of the gallivanting players, and the result was a hybrid of theatre and outside broadcast.

There was, of course, a live audience, for the theorists of TV now maintain that comedy flops without the support of a captive on-the-spot assembly of chortlers. Straight, serious plays, they say, need no audience, but comedy must have its claque. Why? Must the reader have somebody giggling down his neck before he can appreciate Leacock? And must the comics pause for breath and raucous audience participation after every instalment of their rib-tickling screeds? Studio audiences are death to good radio and television. They are useful only when the fare is poor. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"I seem to have run out of black."

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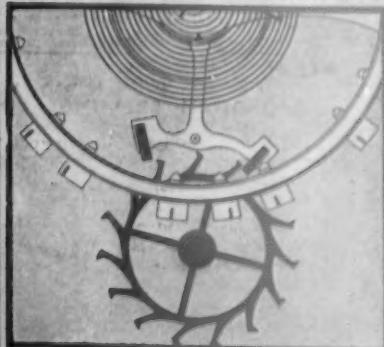


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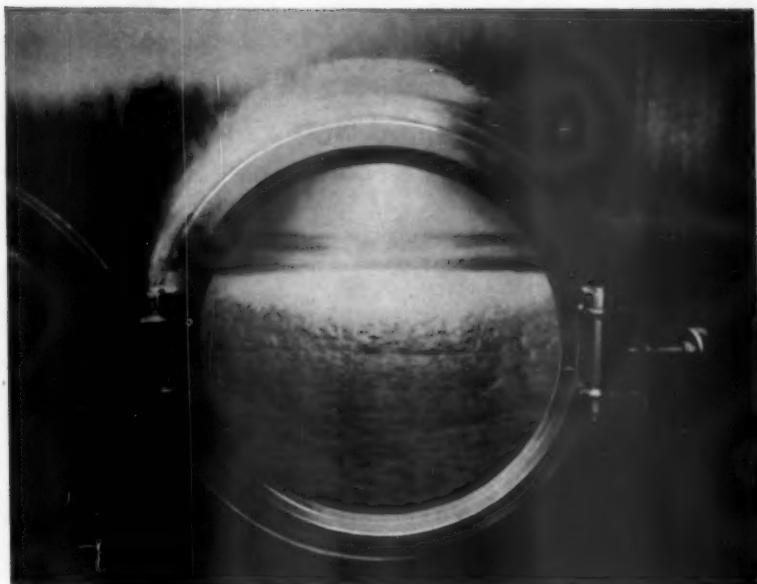
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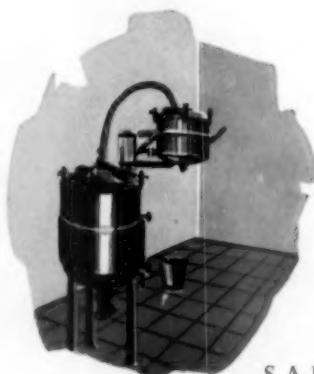
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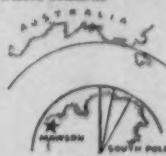
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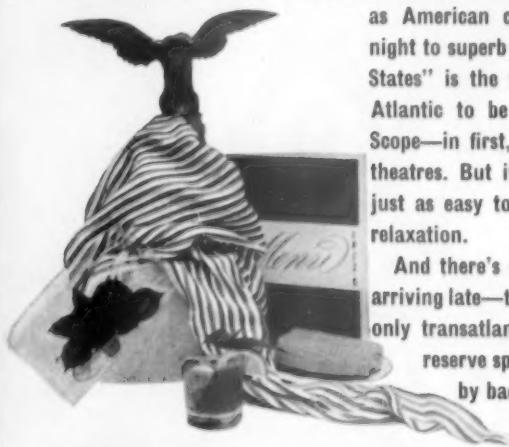
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"Dim," mourned Lois. "I've been dropped from the team. They say I'm not bright enough to make a cathode glow. But if a girl has all the tummy trouble I get, do you wonder the tube goes black on her?"

"Not with a tube like yours," I said.

"Recap,, please," pleaded Lois. "I missed something."

"Certainly," I said. "The tube I'm talking about is 30 feet long, and it's inside you. All your meals have to go through it, and you have intestinal muscles to keep them moving. But sometimes," I said, "if you eat a lot of soft, starchy food, those muscles lose their grip."

"Mercy me!" said Lois. "What happens then?"

"A technical hitch," I said. "Your main transmitter's out of action. The next programme will be on constipation. And normal service will not be resumed," I said, "until you give bulk a look-in."

"Bulk?" quizzed Lois. "Give me a clue. How many words on the card?"

"Three," I said. "Kellogg's All-Bran. Just you have a little of this very pleasant breakfast food every morning, and



your system will get all the bulk it needs to keep it 'regular'."

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At this point Lois faded herself out, and it was some time before I saw her again—looking like the answer to a sixty-four million dollar question. "Hew," I whistled. "Oughtn't you to be fitted with a suppressor?"

"I certainly feel fine," bubbles Lois. "It's that wonderful All-Bran you told me about. Made me 'regular' in a matter of days. Everyone ought to eat this—"

"Shh," I said. "No advertising."

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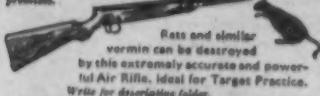
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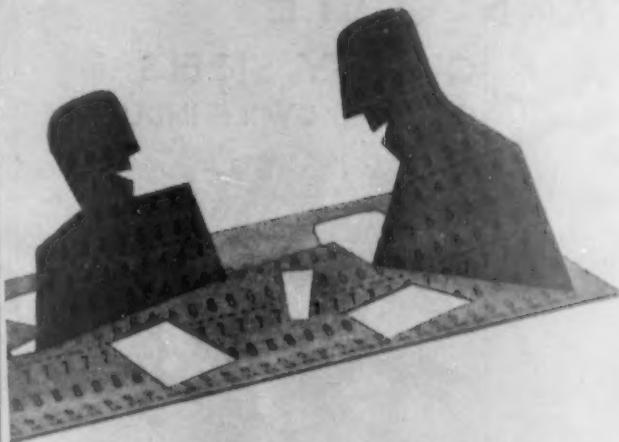
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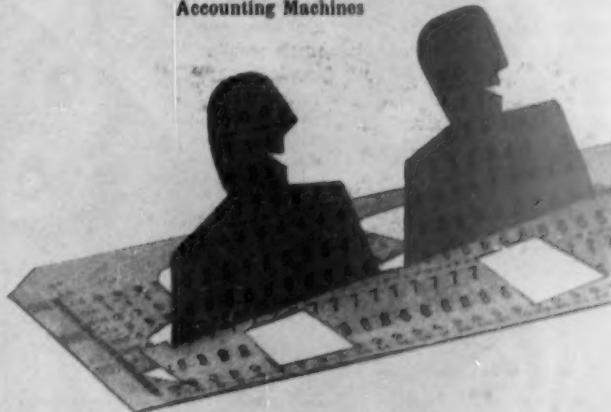
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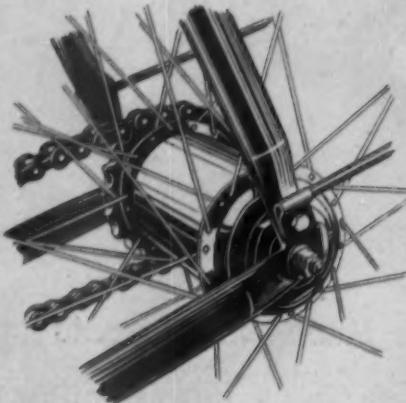
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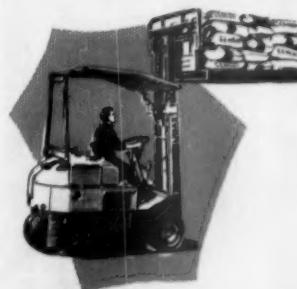
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